

FAME & FORTUNE WEEKLY.

STORIES OF
BOYS THAT MAKE MONEY.

A BRIGHT BOY BROKER
OR SHEARING THE WALL STREET "LAMBS"

AND OTHER STORIES

by A Self-Made Man

Jones & Co
Stocks & Bonds



In the struggle Bob and the thief fell to the floor, the latter dropping the bag to defend himself. The dapper young man, who had held aloof, saw his chance, and reached for the bag, intending to make off with it.

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FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

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A Bright Boy Broker

Or, SHEARING THE WALL STREET "LAMBS" *Briggs*

BY A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.—The Stolen Wallet.

"Hello, Bob Morris, I hear you've opened an office and gone into the brokerage business," said a trader of the Stock Exchange, named Sargent, to a bright-looking, well-dressed boy of eighteen, on Broad street one morning.

"Yes, sir. Who told you? I didn't know that the news had got around," replied the boy.

"Mr. Hague; you know him, I believe."

"In a general way, as I know many brokers I called on with messages while working for Day & Carter."

"His office boy told him."

"Oh, Tad Foster! I wonder how he found out? I've only just opened up."

"Where is your office?"

"In the Coleman Building, around the corner from Wall, in William street. On the fourth floor. Room No. 425."

"Do you expect to make it pay?"

"I wouldn't have invested several hundred dollars in rent and furniture if I didn't expect to do something."

"I admire your grit even if I have my doubts about your success."

"I'm not worrying about my success. I've determined to succeed, and I think that will help me through."

"I'm afraid you'll find it hard to get any customers. A speculator is not likely to have much confidence in a boy broker."

"Any one who patronizes me will get a square deal, and that's more than he'll get from one or two traders I might mention, but I won't."

"Yes, there are some foxy people in the brokerage business, but they've got to be pretty square if they belong to the Exchange. We have a board of governors who investigates complaints against members, and any crooked work is not likely to find favor in its eyes."

"I know that, but when a man is tricky there are more ways than one of skinning a cat or a customer, and the victim can't always find out how the business is pulled off."

"Well, Bob, if you get a customer and want to make a purchase of stock through the Exchange, call on me and I'll divide the commission so you can make something."

"Thank you, sir. I was just going to make the proposition to you."

"If I can be of any service to you, don't be afraid to drop in and ask your favor. If I can grant it, I will."

"I'm much obliged to you."

"You're welcome. Good-by!"

The broker crossed the street and entered the Exchange, while Bob continued on his way. At the corner of Exchange place he ran against Tad Foster. Bob and Tad were not the best of friends, and didn't often speak. On this occasion Tad stopped and said:

"I hear you've got to be a broker."

"Where did you get your information?"

"I was in the Coleman Building a while ago, and I saw your name, with 'Stocks and Bonds' under it, on the door of one of the offices. I did not believe it was you, but as I was curious to see who the party was, I looked in through the keyhole. I saw you reading a paper at a desk just as if you were a real boss. I'll admit that I was surprised, for you were a messenger only the other day."

"I suppose you were delighted to learn that I had started out for myself?" said Bob sarcastically.

"Where did you get the money to rent an office?"

"Where did you get the money to pay for that cigarette you're smoking?" retorted Bob.

"I earned it, of course. Did you think I stole it?"

"Well, I earned the money I've got in my business."

"It can't be a whole lot, then," sneered Tad.

"You want to make another guess and perhaps you'll come within a thousand miles of the truth."

"Smart, aren't you?"

"I'm smart enough to try and be something better than a broker's messenger."

"Got any customers yet?" asked Tad, with an unpleasant grin.

"Are you interested in my business?"

"Sure. I'm coming up to see you. Maybe I'll give you an order to buy me some stock. I was thinking of buying 1,000 shares of Getupandget Preferred."

"I don't do business with boys."

"Is that so? What do you call yourself?"

"I call myself Bob. Run along now. I've got some business to attend to."

Thus speaking, the boy broker walked away, leaving Tad Foster looking after him with an unpleasant frown on his face. Bob Morris went on his way without giving Tad another thought. He was a particularly bright boy, and he looked it all over. He lived with his widowed mother in the little town of Clinton, some eighteen miles out in New Jersey, on the line of the Central New Jersey road. He commuted to New York

every day except Sunday, and had done so for three years past, during the most of which time he had been employed by Day & Carter, as their messenger and office boy.

One day, a year ago, he found \$100 in bills on the street, rolled together and covered with dirt. A thousand men and boys had passed the spot where the money had lain for hours, and not one had paid enough attention to it to pick it up. Then Bob came along and it lay there no longer. That \$100 was the basis of good fortune for him. He had just learned that a syndicate had been formed to corner and boom A. & B. and he had been wishing he had a few dollars saved up so that he could take advantage of the chance to double it.

His wish being suddenly realized, he lost no time in making a line for a little banking and brokerage house on Nassau street that accommodated small investors. He bought ten shares of A. & B. on margin, and a week later, when the boom was at its height he sold out at a profit of \$200. That gave him a capital of \$300, and he used the money so well during the year that a week since he resigned his position with Day & Carter, with \$6,500 in his pocket, and with that little capital he started out as a broker on his own hook. He had unlimited confidence in himself, and did not believe that the word "Fail" had any connection with him.

When Bob reached Beaver street he saw an old gentleman stuffing a wallet in his hip pocket and start to cross the street. A couple of loaded trucks coming along caused him to beat a quick retreat to the sidewalk again, and he fell backward into the arms of a dapper young man who had started after him. With professional rapidity the dapper young man lifted the old gentleman's coat-tail, pulled the wallet out of his pocket and started rapidly down the street. All this Bob saw, and he decided that it was his duty to pursue the thief and make him give up his plunder. He got a hustle on and overtook the dapper young man halfway down the block.

"I'll trouble you for that wallet you pinched from the old gentleman," he said, laying his hand on the thief's arm.

"What's that?" ejaculated the crook, whirling suddenly around and glaring at the boy.

Bob repeated his request.

"Are you crazy?" snarled the dapper young man.

"No bluffs," replied Bob. "I saw you steal the pocketbook, and if you don't come up with it I'll hand you over to the cop I see coming this way."

That was only a bluff of Bob's, but he thought it might work. It did, but not the way the boy wanted it to. The crook gave him a sudden push and darted down into a near-by wine cellar. When Bob regained his balance he followed the rascal. The cellar was dark and the man had disappeared.

"He's hiding behind one of the casks," figured Bob, who waited a few moments till his eyes grew accustomed to the gloom, and then began a close search of the place.

He came upon the rascal, crouching in a dark corner.

"Come out of that, Mister Man, and cough up that wallet."

"Hang you, take that!" hissed the fellow.

He accompanied the words with a lunge of his fist. Bob ducked and the crook's arm shot over his shoulder. Then the two grappled. Bob was a husky lad, and he soon succeeded in pushing the thief over on his back across a whisky barrel. Holding the man down with one arm, he shoved the other hand into the outside pocket where he believed the wallet was. He was not wrong. The wallet was there, and he took possession of it. Releasing the thief, he darted up the steps onto the sidewalk and hurried back to the corner of Broad street, hoping to overtake the old gentleman. The owner of the wallet, however, had disappeared.

CHAPTER II.—May Mason.

Bob crossed the street and hurried up toward Broadway, keeping a sharp lookout for the old gentleman. He failed to find him, and after going as far as he thought worth while he went on about his own business, unaware that the dapper man was keeping him in view. He entered a certain building and the crook waited till he came out, and then shadowed him back to his office in the Coleman Building, or at least as far as the elevator. He pointed the boy out to the man in charge of the elevators and asked if he worked in that building.

"He's got an office on the fourth floor, Room 425," said the man.

"What's his name?" he asked.

"Morris."

The dapper young man took the next elevator and went up to the fourth floor. He examined the doors till he came to 425, and saw that it bore the sign:

ROBERT MORRIS,

Stocks and Bonds.

Mining Shares Bought and Sold on Commission.

He looked through the keyhole and saw Bob just opening his desk. Then he saw the boy take the wallet out of his pocket and examine its contents. He saw, with wrath, that one of the first things Bob took out was a fat wad of bills.

"And I would have had that but for him," said the crook to himself. "I'll get even with him. He's more than a match for me, or I'd go in and fight him for it. Never mind, if he's a broker he probably has money in that safe, and I'll see if me and my pal Grimes can't get a look at the inside of it."

With those words the dapper young man went away. Bob, in his office, looked carefully over the wallet to find some clue to the old gentleman owner. Besides the money, which he counted and found to amount to \$500, the boy broker discovered numerous clippings from papers and several memorandum bills. The latter were made out to Nathaniel Frost, No. — Madison avenue. The boy put the pocketbook in his safe and then sat down to read a Western newspaper which had come to him that morning in the mail. In the midst of his reading the door opened and a neatly dressed, rather pretty girl entered. Bob looked up, and seeing his visitor hesitating near the door, asked her to come forward and sit down.

"I am looking for work," she said timidly.

"Are you a stenographer and typewriter?"

"Yes."

"Where did you work last?"

"With Eisner, Goldberg & Co., shirt waist house on Broadway."

"How came you to quit?"

"I was taken sick and they put a relative in my place."

"I wish I had a chance for you, but I have only just begun business and am doing nothing that requires the services of one like yourself."

"Then I won't take up your time," she said, with a weak smile.

"Wait a moment. You seem like a nice girl, and I would like to help you. Let me have your address and I will look around and see if I can find a broker in need of a stenographer."

"You are very kind," she said gratefully.

She gave him her address, on a side street off Third avenue, where she said she lived with her mother and a broker who worked in a printing office. Then she went away. Bob locked up and went to lunch at one o'clock. When he came back he heard two men talking in the elevator, one of them complaining to the other that he had a great deal of trouble in getting his dictation and typewriting done right, as he could not employ a girl steadily. The gentlemen got out on the fourth floor and Bob followed them to the first corridor, where they separated. The one who was bothered with his stenographer walked into an office, the sign of which read: "George Moss, Patent Agent."

Bob followed him in.

"May I speak to you a moment?" he said.

"Certainly," replied the gentleman. "Follow me into my private room."

The private room was merely a boxed-off space just large enough to hold a desk and three chairs.

"I presume you are Mr. Moss?" said Bob.

"That's my name," answered the man, looking curiously at the boy.

"My name is Robert Morris. I have an office in this corridor. Here is my card."

"Oh, you are the new tenant, eh? Well, what can I do for you?"

"I overheard you talking about the difficulty you have in getting your work done by a stenographer," said Bob. "Now, there was a girl in to see me a while ago who is a first-class stenographer and bookkeeper. She is looking for a position."

"I couldn't hire a girl right along. I have neither work nor room for her."

"If I gave her desk room in my office she could do your work under an arrangement with you, and at the same time look after my office. I can't afford to pay her much, but between the two of us she might be able to make wages. What do you think?"

"I think well of it. If you can make such an arrangement with her, send her in to me. I will pay her \$6, and if she's willing to work for \$10 you could make up the other \$4," said Mr. Moss.

"Very well. I will send her word to come down. I guess \$10 will satisfy her, for she needs work. I will probably be able to pay her as much as you after a while."

Bob returned to his office, wrote a note to Miss Mason, took it around to the Wall street post

office station, put a ten-cent special delivery stamp on it, and mailed it. At ten o'clock next morning Miss Mason appeared.

"You have heard of a position for me?" she said, with a smile. "I am very grateful indeed to you for the interest you have taken in me."

"It isn't a position, but a chance for you to make \$10 a week, if you are willing to work for that," replied Bob.

"I will, gladly," she said.

The young broker then explained the matter.

"I will give you \$4 and desk room in my office for you to come here. The gentleman in Room 442 will pay you \$6 a week to take dictation twice a day and typewrite it for him. I will take you in and introduce you to him."

"But I have no machine," she said.

"I'll get one for you on the rental plan. It will cost you \$3 a month. The typewriter firm will supply you with ribbons and keep the machine in order. I will be responsible for the machine."

"You are very good," she said.

He took Miss Mason in to Moss's office and introduced her to the patent agent. She returned in fifteen minutes with word that she had arranged to go to work for the gentleman next day.

"All right," said Bob. "I'll see that the machine is here ready for you."

She thanked him and took her leave, promising to be on hand at half-past nine next morning.

CHAPTER III.—A Plucky Girl.

That afternoon Bob took an elevated train from Hanover Square, uptown, and got off at the station nearest to the old gentleman's address. He found the house without trouble. It was one of a row of similar buildings, and indicated that the owner was well fixed financially. He rang the bell, and when a girl came to the door he asked if Mr. Nathaniel Frost was at home.

"He is. Are you acquainted with him?"

"No; but I wish to see him on important business. Take my card to him," said the young broker.

He was shown into the parlor and the girl went off down the hall. Presently she returned and asked Bob to follow. She led him into the small library at the back of the parlors. The old gentleman, whom he immediately recognized, was seated in a large armchair, reading a book. Bob bowed.

"Were you not robbed yesterday of a wallet?" asked the boy trader.

The old gentleman looked at him in some surprise.

"Robbed!" he exclaimed. "I lost a pocketbook containing \$500 in money and a lot of clippings and bills. I was not aware I was robbed."

"You were robbed at the corner of Broad and Beaver streets when you started to cross over and had to jump back to avoid a couple of teams. You fell against a young man, and I saw him take your wallet."

"Indeed! You came here to give me a description of him, I suppose, so that I can notify the police."

"I came to return you your pocketbook."

"You did! How did you get it away from the thief?"

Bob told him all the facts of the incident.

"You are certainly a smart young man, and I am very much obliged to you," said Mr. Frost, taking his property, opening it, and removing the bills. "Will you allow me to reward you?" he added, offering the boy a \$100 bill.

"No, sir. There is no need for you to reward me. I considered it to be my duty to return you the wallet as soon as I was satisfied it belonged to a person by the name of Frost, whose address was attached to the bills. I will now take my leave."

"Don't be in a hurry. Pray sit down. It would please me to have a talk with you if you can spare the time. You live in the city, I suppose?"

"No, sir; I live in Clinton, New Jersey."

"You are in business for yourself, I see," said the old gentleman, glancing at the card.

"Yes, sir, though I have only just started."

"Well, you are young and you have plenty of time before you. I doubt not but one so bright and honest will succeed."

He drew out from the boy the history of his Wall Street experience, and seemed to take a great interest in him.

At the end of an hour Bob took his leave and went home. Next morning the typewriter machine and the young lady arrived about the same time at Bob's office. The boy broker had provided a suitable table for Miss Mason's use, and told her to hang her things in the closet. At ten o'clock she went in to Moss's office to take dictation, leaving Bob reading his Wall Street papers.

"O. & H. looks good to me," thought the boy broker. "It's going up and is likely to advance three or four points. I think I'll buy 300 shares and see how I come out."

When Miss Mason returned, he put on his hat and went out with \$3,000 in his pocket. He took the money to the little bank on Nassau street and bought the stock on the usual margin. It was the first deal he had made since he hired the office. He remained at the little bank a while, then walked around to the Curb Exchange to see what was doing there. There was nothing startling on the table, so he returned to his office. When the Exchange closed at three o'clock O. & H. was up a point, to Bob's great satisfaction.

Next morning Bob carried \$2,000 to Sargent and told him to buy him 200 shares at the market, then 91. Sargent bought the stock when he went to the Exchange, and notified Bob by messenger. During the ten days that followed, Bob watched the ticker closely and noted that O. & H. advanced steadily. On the tenth day it reached par and Bob ordered his shares sold. Altogether he cleared \$4,800 on the deal. That gave his finances quite a lift. On the following day he was surprised to receive a visit from the old gentleman who was robbed of his wallet. After a chat with the boy he further surprised Bob by handing him a package of Little Miami Railroad stock, and then telling him to sell it for his account and purchase American Tobacco Co. bonds with the proceeds.

There were ten certificates of Little Miami, of 100 shares each, the market value of which was \$65,000, and Bob regarded it as quite an order.

"You are my first customer, Mr. Frost, and I

shall always remember that fact. This is a red-letter day in my calendar. I am very much obliged to you."

"I am glad to put something in your way. As soon as you get the bonds bring them up to my house," said the old gentleman.

Bob promised to do so, and soon afterward Mr. Frost went away. Fifteen minutes later, Bob, with the stock in a hand-bag, started for Broker Sargent's office.

CHAPTER IV.—Bob and the Clipper Stock.

Broker Sargent sold the Little Miami stock for Bob and bought the tobacco company's bonds. Bob carried them up to the old gentleman's house with his statement, and received the commission due him, which he afterward divided with the broker. A few days afterward Bob noticed that J. & S. was pretty active, and he bought 500 shares of it through Sargent, at 78. When he got back to his office he found a well-dressed lady waiting for him. She said her name was Mrs. Alexander, and that Mr. Frost had sent her to his office.

"I want to buy 100 shares of L. & D. on margin," she said.

"Yes, ma'am. I can get it for you. It will be necessary for you to advance \$1,000 as security on the deal," said Bob.

She understood that, as she had dealt in the market before. She had the money with her in cash and handed it to the boy. He gave her the usual memorandum slip, and as soon as she went away he took the money to Sargent's office and gave in the order.

J. & S. didn't go much higher than 80, so Bob when he found that two points was about the limit of the profit he was likely to make, ordered the stock sold. He made \$1,000, and was perfectly satisfied with that. In the meanwhile, Bob had, as an experiment, put an advertisement in a couple of financial papers. In a few days he began receiving inquiries through the mail. One day he got a letter from Sargent by messenger. The broker told him to be on his guard against a trader named Brooks, whom he described.

"I heard Brooks tell a friend of his that he was going to call on you and try and stick you on some mining stock that he has been unable to sell, so look out for him," wrote Sargent.

"Sure I'll look out for him," thought Bob. "If he sticks me on any mining shares, he'll do well."

That afternoon he read in a Western mining paper that the Clipper mine, which had long been a dead one, had been taken over by a new company and that a lode of excellent ore had been found in one of the abandoned tunnels.

Next morning he asked several Curb brokers about it. They told him that if any such thing had happened, the news hadn't reached Wall Street, therefore there could hardly be any truth in it. Bob agreed with them and didn't think any more about the mine. Next day, Trader Brooks called, introduced himself, and after a short chat offered the boy what he called a bargain—20,000 shares of Clipper mining stock at 10 cents. Bob said he didn't care to buy it him-

self, and he didn't know of any one who wanted it. So Brooks went away disappointed.

Bob was down at the Curb that afternoon when the story about the Clipper mine was confirmed, and a bunch of the traders began offering 25 cents for the stock. The boy broker felt like kicking himself now because he had lost a good thing which he might have had. Suddenly it occurred to him that there was a possibility that Broker Brooks might not have heard the news about the mine. He decided to run around to the trader's office and see if he could get the stock at the price Brooks had offered it to him. Acting on the idea, he soon presented himself at Brooks' office and asked to see him. He was admitted right away to the private room.

"I came around to see you about that Clipper stock," said Bob.

"Want to buy it now?" asked Brooks.

"Yes, if you are still selling it at 10 cents," said Bob.

"Hand me \$2,000 and the stock is yours."

Bob produced the money and Brooks gave him a memorandum of the deal and promised to send the new certificates to him on the following day. The boy went away delighted. Inside of an hour Brooks learned about the news from the mine and that the price had gone up to 25 cents. If there was a mad man at that moment in Wall Street, it was Brooks, for he knew he could not go back on his deal with Bob. When Bob got the shares the price had gone up to 30 cents. He held on to it for a week and finally sold at 35 cents, making a profit of \$5,000. Hardly had he got rid of it when he heard that a syndicate had been formed to corner L. & M. shares. He had noticed that the stock had been falling in price lately, and he was now satisfied that the syndicate was responsible for that, the purpose of the combine being to get the price as low as possible so the stock could be bought in at the best advantage.

Bob immediately gave an order to Sargent to buy 1,000 shares for him at the market price of 92. The broker not being wise to the situation, asked Bob if somebody had tipped him off on L. & M. Bob told him what he had learned about the syndicate, and advised him to buy some of the stock on his own account. In a few days L. & M. began to rise again. The fact did not attract much attention until it passed its usual roosting point of 96, and then buying became brisk. The syndicate had already got hold of most of the stock and the boom was allowed to proceed. In a week the stock was going at 105. It was now the storm center of the Exchange, and there was a lot of excitement every day around the pole of the stock. Bob held on till the price advanced to 107 and a fraction and then told Sargent to sell. The broker did so, and Bob added \$15,000 to his little capital, making him worth \$32,000. He felt now that he could afford to give Miss Mason \$2 a week more, though he did not have a whole lot for her to do.

CHAPTER V.—Bob Meets the Crooks Again.

One day after Bob had been about three months in business he received a letter from a man who lived about thirty miles south of Jersey City.

This correspondent had seen the boy's advertisement in a Wall Street paper he had sent for, and had picked out a score or more of other broker's advertisements by chance. He said he owned 10,000 shares of a mining stock called the Neptune. He had bought the shares when Goldfield and neighboring mining camps first came into prominence, but he said he had heard nothing about the mine for several years, and he was afraid it amounted to nothing. He wished Bob would look it up, and was willing to pay him a reasonable price for his trouble. He was getting old, he said, and if the stock was worth anything at all he would like to sell it. Bob looked up the Neptune Mining Co. on the Goldfield market report and found it was still listed and was quoted at 10 cents a share.

He then began making inquiries of mining brokers about the mine, and was referred to a certain brokerage house which acted as a transfer office for Neptune and a score or more of other small Western propositions. Bob called there and secured all the information obtainable from a big scrap-book in which a record was kept of all the Nevada mines. Bob dictated all the facts in a letter addressed to his correspondent, whose name was Ed Nash. He said there would be no charge for the information. In a few days he received a reply from Nash. The writer said he was not surprised to find that the mine amounted to very little. He had paid 20 cents for his shares.

He would be glad to dispose of them for 5 cents, or even less, if Bob thought he could get that for the stock. Bob, on receipt of his letter, went down to the Curb and inquired if any broker would buy 10,000 shares of Neptune for 5 cents. None of them would do so; in fact, several said they had small blocks of the stock that they would gladly sell for 5 cents, or might even take 4 cents for. Bob wrote Nash that he could not find a buyer at 5, or even at 4, at least not for so many shares. He told the man that he would write to Goldfield and see what additional information he could find about the stock. In the course of eight days he received word from the West that if the stock was sent out there on sale it might be sold in small parcels in the course of time for 5 or 6 cents. That was about what it was actually worth. Bob got the letter Saturday morning and he concluded to ride out to the town of Richmond, where Nash lived, and see his correspondent.

It would be a sort of recreation for him. The town was on the line of the Central New Jersey road, so Bob left Wall Street early and got off at Clinton, where he lived. Looking up the train time-table, he saw he would have time to go home and get a light lunch. An hour later he was back at the station, where he bought a ticket for Richmond. Reaching that place, he inquired his way to the street where Nash lived, and found that his home was on the suburbs of the town. Ringing the bell, a woman came to the door.

"Mr. Edward Nash lives here, I believe?" Bob said.

"He does," was the reply.

"Is he at home?"

"He is. Step in."

The woman led Bob into a plain sitting room, which was also used as the dining room.

"Father, here is a young man who wants to see you," said the woman.

"How do you do, sir? Take a seat," said Nash, who was gray haired and looked to be all of 65 years.

"My name is Robert Morris, sir. I am the broker whom you have recently corresponded with. As Saturday is an off day in Wall Street, I thought I'd ride out here and see you. It was a good way to put in the afternoon," said Bob.

"I'm glad to see you, Mr. Morris," said Nash, who was somewhat surprised at the broker's youthful appearance. "It was kind of you to call."

"I got a letter from Goldfield this morning with reference to the Neptune stock," said Bob. "You may read it," and he handed it to the man.

"Not very encouraging," said Nash, after reading it. "The broker doesn't say how long it will take for him to sell the shares. It might take him weeks before he got rid of all of it. What would you advise me to do?"

"You have 10,000 shares, you say?"

"Yes."

"As you are anxious to get rid of it, I'll take it off your hands at 4 cents. I will hold it on the chance that after a while it might be readily marketable for 10 cents. I don't believe any other broker would make you such an offer, as I found several traders who wanted to sell what they had at 5 cents, and they said they might let it go for 4 if they found a buyer."

"That will be \$400?"

"Yes; but if you send it to Goldfield you might get \$500 for it, though you would have to wait. It is not good stock for a broker to have on his books. The only reason I am willing to buy it for 4 cents is because I can afford to wait for results. I won't miss the \$400 that will be locked up in the stock."

"Did you bring the money with you?"

"No. I don't want you to sell with a rush, lest you think I may be taking some advantage of you. My offer will hold good for a week or two unless the mine should fail altogether, which isn't likely. Think the matter over. In fact, you had better write to some other broker about the stock and satisfy yourself that I am dealing perfectly fair with you."

"Oh, I have confidence in you," said Nash.

"I'd rather you would see what another trader says about the stock. After you have found out, let me know if you still want to take \$400 for the stock. If you do, I will call with the money and take the stock."

Bob remained two hours at the house and then took his leave. On his way back to the station he took a wrong turn and walked away from it. It wasn't long before he saw he was proceeding in a contrary direction and turned around to retrace his steps. He recollected a tall factory chimney he had seen when he got off the cars and he saw it half a mile away. He could save time and exertion by cutting across a piece of partially wooded property, and he took advantage of it.

He had got halfway across the grounds when he heard voices on the other side of a thick bit of shrubbery. He paid no attention to them and presently he came out close to the speakers. They were sitting on a rustic seat, and sprang

up when they saw him. Bob stopped short, for he recognized the men as two crooks he encountered outside his office one day and had tried to snatch a satchel containing stock certificates out of his hands, but were unsuccessful. And they knew him, too. The surprise was mutual on both sides. Bob, however, having no wish to remain in such questionable company, started on again. The stout rascal, named Grimes, after a whispered remark to his companion, picked up a stone and threw it at the young broker. It caught Bob in front of the ear and he staggered against a tree. Before he recovered his faculties the crooks jumped upon him and bore him to the ground.

CHAPTER VI.—A Dandy Tip.

"Tie his hands behind his back while I bind him," said Grimes to his pal.

The dapper young man whipped Bob's handkerchief out of his pocket and performed the operation with great celerity. Then he gagged the boy with a rag he took from his pocket.

"Now, then, grab him by the heels and we'll carry him to that vacant outhouse we passed crossing this place," said Grimes.

The building in question was a tumble-down shanty, long out of use, standing among the trees. In size it was only about six feet by four. It was littered with old boards that had been thrown in there. The door was held closed by an iron hasp and a wooden staple. The men shoved Bob into the place, shut the door on him and went off. Bob had put up no struggle against the rascals, as he could do nothing with his hands tied. As soon as he was left alone, he applied himself to the task of freeing himself if he could.

And while doing it he wondered what ill wind had blown the rascals down to that neighborhood. He judged they must have some object in view, and the only object he could connect them with was robbery. They lived on the fruits of such crooked work as they were able to pull off. Bob found that the dapper young man had tied a hard knot in the handkerchief and this prevented the article from giving enough to allow him to pull one of his hands out. While considering the situation, he saw an old axe standing in a corner. That gave him an idea. If he could work the handkerchief across the edge of it, he might cut it sufficient to enable him to tear it apart. The question was to steady the axe-blade enough to accomplish his object. As it was getting dark he had no time to lose. Bob shoved aside with his feet the pieces of wood that were in the way, and sitting down on the dirty floor worked himself backward up to the axe. When he began business he found it a slow and tedious job, particularly as the blade was not very sharp. Half an hour passed without results. It was now dark and a dreary silence hung around the vicinity.

At this juncture he heard voices approaching, apparently proceeding from two men in conversation. They stopped at the corner of the hut where Bob sat, and the boy would have shouted to them had he not been gagged. He wondered why the men had stopped there, for it was a lonesome spot. Bob didn't know, however, that there was an old-fashioned mansion within three

hundred feet of the edge of the trees where the shanty was. The owner of the extensive piece of property lived there and commuted daily to and from New York. The conversation of the two men reached Bob's ears very distinctly.

"You'd better go in with us, Daily," said one of the men. "I'll guarantee if you put up the \$100,000 each of us are pledged to subscribe that you will double your money. We only need one more member, and I am giving you the chance to get in on a good thing."

"But I don't fancy going into a blind pool," replied the other.

At those words, which suggested a stock deal, Bob forgot his peculiar situation and listened eagerly to hear more.

"I'll make everything clear to you once you pass your word to go in," said the other.

"If I knew the name of the stock you propose to corner, I might not hesitate."

"It wouldn't do for me to tell you that beforehand. I'll guarantee that it is one you will be satisfied with."

"A hundred thousand dollars is a lot of money."

"Yes, but I believe you are worth half a million, and can afford to take a certain risk for a big gain."

"That's all right, but a good part of my wealth is in this property."

"It's a fine piece of land. I wish I owned it."

"It's been in the family over 100 years."

"As long as that, eh?"

"Yes. That house yonder was built sixty years ago."

"I believe you. It must have been a fine one in its best days. Why don't you tear it down and put up a modern mansion? It would add greatly to the market value of your property."

"I would like to do it, but my wife never would consent to the destruction of the old homestead, as she calls it."

"Well, how about my offer—will you go in? The moment you say 'Yes,' I'll tell you the name of the stock."

"Well, I'll go in."

"Good! There isn't any doubt in my mind that you will more than double your money. I expect to make \$125,000 myself, and your share will be the same as mine."

"Now what is the name of the stock?"

"D. & R. It's ruling at 75, which is low for it. The syndicate plans to send it above 90."

"Who are the other members of the combine?"

His companion ran rapidly over a list of prominent Wall Street financiers.

"All solid men," he said.

"Well, Jessup, now that the matter is settled between us, let's get to the house. My wife is doubtless wondering what can be keeping us so long outside in the night," said Daly.

"All right. You can sign the agreement before I go. There will be a meeting at Hatch's office next Tuesday afternoon at four, and then we will all put up the first instalment of \$25,000," said Jessup, his voice growing less distinct as the pair walked away.

Then Bob's thoughts came back to his situation. He redoubled his efforts to cut the handkerchief, and at the end of another half an hour he succeeded. He tore off the gag, got on his

feet and dusted his clothes as well as he could in that confined space. Then he tried the door, though he knew the rascals had fastened him in. Then he struck a match, and looking around the shanty, he saw a thin piece of iron. This he inserted in the crack of the door and pried it outward as far as he could, and jammed a piece of wood in the opening to hold it. He was now able to reach the stable, and a couple of good, upward blows knocked it out. The door flew open and he was free.

He continued on his way in the direction he believed was right and presently saw the old-time mansion ahead of him, with the laid-out grounds. He walked toward the front of the house and let himself out on the street through an iron gate in the hedge. Walking a block farther, he met a man and inquired the way to the police station. He was directed how to find it. He had to ask another townsman farther on to make sure he was headed right.

The police station was on a street near the main business thoroughfare, and he got there at last. He told the man at the desk about his meeting with the two New York crooks, who were wanted in Manhattan, and how they had treated him.

"They probably intended to rob some house here if they can," he said, "so I would advise you to send a man or two out to look for them. If you capture them, notify the New York authorities."

He furnished a good description of the rascals, and then started for the railroad station. On reaching it, he found that it would be an hour before the next train for Jersey City stopped there. That gave him time to go to a restaurant and get his dinner. When the train came in he boarded it and started for home.

CHAPTER VII.—Bob Realizes on His Tip.

Bob occupied the greater part of the trip thinking over the tip he had picked up at the shanty. His mother had looked for him to return in time for supper, but when he didn't show up as soon as she expected she concluded that the business which took him to Richmond had detained him, or he had missed the train he had figured on returning by. At any rate, she didn't feel that she need worry over his non-appearance. It was close on to ten o'clock when he did get home, and he told his mother that he had eaten in Richmond, as circumstances, which he did not mention, prevented him from taking the train he had intended to take. After a short talk with his mother, he went to his room and turned in. When he reached his office on Monday morning he looked up D. & R. and found it was ruling at 75, as Jessup had said. The young broker was in no rush to buy yet, for it was not improbable that the syndicate would begin operations by forcing the price lower, if possible. All that day he watched the stock, but there was no change in it.

"Probably nothing will be done until after the first meeting to-morrow," he thought, remembering that Jessup said a meeting would be held at Hatch's office on Tuesday afternoon at four,

when the first instalment of money would be called for.

He was not surprised then when D. & R. moved only an eighth next day. On Wednesday the stock dropped to 74, and on Thursday to 73 1-2. On Friday it went back to 74. Then Bob decided to buy. He gave Sargent an order to purchase 1,000 shares for his account, and he gave the little bank a similar order. The stock was bought at the Exchange for 74. On the following Monday the price was up to 75, and Bob told Sargent to buy him another 1,000. The broker bought the stock in three lots, and put it up at his bank as security for a part of the money he would be called on to pay for the shares. Next day D. & R. advanced another point. In the afternoon mail Bob got a letter from Ed Nash, telling him that he was prepared to take \$400 for the 10,000 shares of Neptune.

Bob wrote him to send on the certificates by express and he would send him a bank draft for the money. Two days later the certificate arrived and Bob sent the money. By that time D. & R. was up to 78. Next day there was a reaction to 76 5-8. Sargent, meeting Bob on the street, called his attention to it.

"Oh, that's nothing, sir. It will be up to 80 by the end of the week," replied the young broker.

He proved to be a good prophet, for when the Exchange closed on Saturday noon D. & R. stood at 80 3-8. Nobody thought it strange that the stock should rise to that figure, as it was a fair price for it, but when it jumped to 82 on Monday morning there was a rush to buy it. Bob made another effort to see what Neptune would bring on the Curb, but he was told it might be offered for a month without finding a buyer.

"I've got 5,000 shares that I'd like to sell for 5 cents," said a trader. "Yes, I'll take 4 for it."

"Why don't you send it out to Goldfield. It's supposed to be going around 10 there," said Bob.

"It's only a supposition. I've communicated with my correspondent there, and I was told that a sale is made only once in a coon's age—that is, a bona fide sale."

"A stock that doesn't sell often isn't worth its quoted price."

"There's a bunch of other mining stock in the same boat, most of them prospects. Of course, Neptune is a real mine, where operations are going on right along, but it's a mighty poor one. When there is no prospect of a mine paying dividends, people fight shy of its stock, and I don't blame them. Nobody wants to tie his money up in an unproductive proposition."

"That's right," nodded Bob, who then walked away.

Whether he'd ever be able to get his \$400 back out of Neptune he couldn't say, but he did not regret buying the stock, for, like the Clipper mine, some day it might turn up trumps. The morning after his interviews with various Curb brokers on the subject of the Neptune mine, D. & R. went to 85. Next day the syndicate pushed things, and great excitement followed. The price soared, point by point, to 91 and then stopped. Bob believed it would go higher, but that was as high as he cared to risk his deals, even on a fairly sure thing. After such a rise, it seemed likely that the syndicate would start to unload. With \$50,000 profit within his grasp, Bob or-

dered the little bank to sell the 1,000 shares, and then he called on Sargent and told him to dispose of his 1,000.

The broker was glad to get his order, for he was fearing that the bright boy was holding on too long, and he knew how hard it would be to sell if a real slump set in. He went to the Exchange and offered Bob's stock in small lots, and soon got it all off his hands. He got an average price of 91 3-8, as the stock started to go up again. D. & R. closed at 93 that day, after thousands of shares had changed hands, but Bob didn't regret having sold out at a lower price, for he was \$50,000 ahead of the game, and that was money enough to clear on one deal. He was now worth over \$80,000, and considered himself on Easy street.

CHAPTER VIII.—Bob Gets an Important Order.

Bob had watched the newspapers of Jersey City for some indication that the two crooks had either been caught or had pulled off a robbery in Richmond. Nothing appeared in print bearing on either point. Finally he wrote to the chief of police on the subject, inclosing a stamped and addressed envelope for a reply. The reply came. It stated that the men had not been caught. It also said that a store had been broken into that night, toward morning, and a small amount of money and some other things taken, the thieves getting away. The chief judged they had immediately left the town with their plunder.

"Those chaps seem to be lucky in evading arrest," thought Bob, after reading the letter. "Some day, however, they are sure to get the handcuffs around their wrists and then they'll go to the State prison, where they belong."

The reader will remember that Bob had received an order to buy 100 shares of a certain stock for a Mrs. Alexander, who was sent to him by old Mr. Frost. The deal went on for some three weeks, during which the stock went up about five points, when the lady called and told the boy to sell it. He did so, and the lady made a profit of \$500 by the transaction. On the day he got the letter from the chief of the Richmond police, he received another visit from Mrs. Alexander.

"Glad to see you again, Mrs. Alexander," said Bob politely. "Are you thinking of trying the market again?"

"That is what I came down to Wall Street for," she laughed.

"Then I hope you will pick a winner as you did before."

"I have already picked the stock, and I hope it will prove a winner."

She handed him \$1,000 and told him to buy 100 shares of M. & C. Bob entered the order in his book, and after a short chat the lady went away. The postman came in with a batch of letters from out-of-town correspondents, and several of them contained money orders, with directions how the amounts were to be invested. Bob took all his orders down to Sargent and handed them to the cashier, as the broker was over at the Exchange. It was about this time that Bob was surprised

at receiving a visit from his late boss, Mr. Day, senior partner of the firm of Day & Carter.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Day," said the boy broker, jumping up and taking the hand the broker extended to him.

"I judge you must be doing well, Bob, from what I have heard about you," said Day, in a friendly way.

"I am doing first-rate, all things considered, sir," replied Bob.

"I am glad to hear it. You were a good messenger, and we were sorry to lose you. You are certainly a smart boy to be able to make the brokerage business pan out even a living for one as young as yourself."

"I've made a good deal more than a living with the help of sundry speculations which have turned out in my favor. I have plenty of capital now to run this business. What I need is more good customers. Most of those I've got are parties I have caught in the out-of-town districts through my advertisement."

"Well, I've come around to give you a commission. It's one that the firm cannot well execute except through a third person, and the less known that person is as a broker, the better," said Broker Day.

"I'll be glad to serve you in any way, Mr. Day."

"We have received an order to buy a certain block of stock held by a wealthy old man named Joseph Roberts. He lives in a fine old mansion at the head of Greenwich Cove, Connecticut. The name of the stock is the Candia Railway, and our client needs just 4,500 shares to give him the control of the road. The market value of the stock is 38, and our man is willing to give 40 for it. Roberts holds 5,000 shares, and has owned them ever since the road was built. He has been approached on several occasions with offers for his Candia holdings, but has refused to entertain them. None of the offers, so far as I know, have been as much as 40, so I want you to call on him and offer him that figure, without letting him know that you are buying the stock for a brokerage house. Your youth will prevent him from taking you for a broker, and you must give him the impression that you are acting for a relative looking for a good investment, and who is trying to save brokerage charges by dealing direct with principals. You see, the old gentleman has a standing grudge against Wall Street brokers, owing to a large loss he once sustained through a firm that defrauded him and others and then skipped out to parts unknown," said Day.

"I'll call on him and try to get an option on the stock for a ten per cent. deposit, which will be \$20,000. I wouldn't like to carry so much money with me in cash, and it wouldn't do for me to take a certified check from your firm if he has a grouch against brokers. I know what I'll do. I have a well-to-do customer named Frost who lives on Madison avenue. He is an old gentleman of perhaps seventy years. I can arrange with him for a certified check made out to the order of this Roberts. I can pretend that Frost is the person who wants to buy the stock, and that I am acting for him. If Roberts entertains the offer provisionally, and wants to look my friend up to make sure he isn't a broker, he

will have no trouble in satisfying himself that Frost is a retired old capitalist," said Bob.

"That will be just the thing," said Day. "I will send you a certified check for \$20,000, payable to yourself, and he can give you his check in exchange for it."

"All right, sir, though I can advance the money just as well myself."

"Have you \$20,000 in your business?" asked Day, in surprise.

"Have I?" smiled Bob. "I have four times \$20,000."

"Surely you are joking, Bob."

"No, sir. I can take you around to my safe-deposit box and show you the money in bills. I have made nearly all of it speculating since I left your employ."

"You amaze me."

"It does seem too good to be true; but it's true, just the same."

"I don't see how you could have made so much in so short a time."

"I made it because I've been uncommonly lucky. I had \$30,000 when D. & R. began to boom. I put all of it into the stock at bedrock figures. I closed out near the top at a profit of \$50,000. That will give you an idea of how I made my money."

"Well, upon my word, you are a most remarkable young man!"

"You mean I have been most remarkably fortunate."

"You certainly have. Mr. Carter will hardly believe me when I tell him."

Bob laughed and then told Mr. Day to give him an order for the purchase of the Candia stock at 40. The broker did so, and then told Bob he would send him a certified check for \$20,000, which he could indorse and turn over to his friend and customer for his check, which the boy could then have certified at the old gentleman's bank. Bob promised to attend to the business at once, and Broker Day took his leave. In an hour Day & Carter's messenger brought Bob the certified check for the money, and soon afterward the boy left his office and went uptown to call on the old gentleman. Mr. Frost was at home and received Bob with every demonstration of pleasure.

He had taken a decided fancy to the bright boy broker, and every time he met the lad he liked him better, for Bob had a magnetic way about him that attracted people to him. The old gentleman liked young people, anyway; indeed, he preferred their society, as a rule, if they were nice, to those of more mature age. He often declared that it made him feel young to hobnob with them. Bob stated the object of his visit, confiding to Mr. Frost the commission he had received to execute for his old bosses, the success of which depended on the tact with which he approached the owner of the Candia stock.

"I want to make out that you are the person who wishes to buy the shares," said Bob. "Anything that smacks of a broker in this mission is bound to queer it. I'll never be taken for one myself, on account of my youth. You are certainly not a broker, and never have been one. There is nothing singular in a retired capitalist looking for a particular investment. I think when I say that you wish to save brokerage fees

by dealing direct with the owner of the stock it will produce a favorable impression on this Mr. Roberts."

The old gentleman said he would be glad to help Bob carry out his commission, and had no objection whatever to exchange his check for Day & Carter's. He wrote out a check for \$20,000 payable to the order of Joseph Roberts, and then Bob indorsed Day & Carter's check and handed it to him.

On the following afternoon, after attending to all his regular business, Bob went to the Grand Central Station and took a shore line train for the town nearest to Greenwich Cove, a couple of miles west of Stamford. Mr. Roberts' residence was about a mile from the station. Bob hired a saddle horse and rode to the place. It was quite an estate, a high wall with a large and a small gate separating it from the road. The house, a large, old-fashioned one, dating back many years, was partially hidden by trees that covered the lawn. Bob had to ring for admittance, and a man, who was the gardener, came out of the lodge, a small, two-story stone building close to the gates.

"I called to see Mr. Roberts," said the young broker. "He is at home, I suppose?"

The man nodded, and opened the large gate, connecting with the carriage drive, for the visitor to ride in. Bob proceeded on to the house, dismounted, tied his horse to a post with a ring in the top for that purpose, mounted the veranda, and rang the bell. A man servant opened the door and Bob said he wished to see Mr. Roberts on business.

"Is he acquainted with you?" asked the servant.

"No, he is not. Take my name, Robert Morris, to him, and tell him I have come from New York expressly to see him."

The servant admitted Bob and asked him to take a seat in the wide hall. Then he went off up a wide stairway that had a landing in the middle of it and two turnings off it. After a lapse of ten minutes the man returned and told Bob to follow him. He piloted the boy to a cozy, well-furnished room on the second floor. Here, before a grate fire, sat Joseph Roberts, a man of rather severe aspect, with white hair and a florid complexion.

"Be seated, young man," said the master of the house, pointing to a chair. "You have come from New York to see me? On what business?"

"As the representative of Nathaniel Frost, of No. — Madison avenue, who sent me to find out if you would part with your stock in the Candia Railway," replied Bob.

Roberts' eyes twinkled in a curious way. The look that crossed his face was not pleasant. He said nothing for a minute, and then remarked, in a cold tone:

"Mr. Frost is a broker, I presume?"

"No, sir. He is a retired capitalist. A gentleman of about your age. He has been out of business many years, and is very well off."

Mr. Roberts' face relaxed a little.

"How came he to know that I own stock in the Candia Railway?"

"I believe he learned the fact in an indirect way from somebody connected with Wall Street."

"Why is he particularly interested in Candia stock?"

"I really couldn't tell you, Mr. Roberts. He heard you had 5,000 shares, and he thought maybe he might be able to induce you to part with the stock if he offered you a point or two above the market price."

"Why need he do that? Can't he buy the stock of anybody else—a broker, for instance?"

"He is not particularly in love with brokers. He would prefer to deal direct with the person having the stock."

"Indeed! So he doesn't like brokers? He has my sympathy. I don't like them, either. They're too smart altogether for honest men to have dealing with. So Mr. Frost wishes to buy my stock? I might say he isn't the only one who has made me an offer for it, but as these offers all came through brokers, I would not entertain them, though it is true I have been thinking of selling the stock for some time. Now if I were sure that Mr. Frost is not a broker——"

"You have my word, sir; but if you want better evidence, you could communicate with the secretary of the American Club, of which Mr. Frost is a member, and learn whatever facts you want to know," said Bob.

"I will do so. I have a telephone in the house by which I can get long-distance service. I dare say I will be able to reach the secretary of the American Club, or his representative. In the meanwhile, allow me to offer you the hospitality of my home. You came here from the village, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir."

"By a hired conveyance?"

"On horseback. I hired the animal at a public stable."

"I will give orders that the horse be taken to my stable and looked after till you are ready to return. Our business will take a little time, so you will do me the pleasure of dining with me."

With those words, Mr. Roberts rang a bell, and when a servant came, he gave him orders about the horse.

"Now make yourself at home, young man. I am going into my library to telephone."

He walked out of the room, leaving Bob to congratulate himself on his success thus far.

CHAPTER IX.—The Burglars.

Mr. Roberts called up the village central office and asked for a connection with the American Club of New York. He was told that it might take half an hour to give him the connection. The operator said she would call him up when she got the number in New York. The old man then returned to entertain his young visitor. Nearly an hour passed before the village operator got the American Club on the wire; then she called up Mr. Roberts. The old man went to the phone, got the secretary, and had a talk with him about Nathaniel Frost. What he learned satisfied him that Frost was very far from being a Wall Street broker, and he returned to Bob and told him that he was ready to talk business. Bob first offered him 39 for the stock, but Roberts wanted 40, and the deal was finally concluded at that figure.

The sum involved was \$200,000 and Bob handed Mr. Roberts Mr. Frost's check, which he had had certified, for \$20,000 as a deposit. Mr. Roberts said he would bring the certificates to New York on any specified day and call at Mr. Frost's house with them and turn them over for a certified check for the balance of the money. That suited Bob, and he said Mr. Frost would notify him by letter when he was ready to close the matter up. Mr. Roberts gave him a receipt for the money, stating that he accepted it as a 10 per cent. deposit on the purchase of the 5,000 shares of Candia Railway, and that the deal must be closed within thirty days from that date.

Bob, delighted with the success of his mission, put the memorandum receipt in his pocket and then went downstairs to dine with the old man. It had been cloudy all day, and while Bob was coming to terms with Mr. Roberts the weather had grown threatening. Dinner had not advanced far before the wind rose and brought with it a heavy downpour of rain. With the coming of an early darkness the prospect without grew worse instead of better, and things looked so unpromising after dinner that Mr. Roberts invited Bob to remain all night, promising to see that he got to the station in time for the 8 o'clock train.

Bob was loath to stay, as he feared his mother would be worried over his failure to return home that night, but the outlook was so bad that he had to accept his host's offer. Mr. Roberts telephoned the village stable and told the proprietor that the horse would be returned in the morning. Bob passed a pleasant evening with the old man, and at ten o'clock was shown to the chamber he was to occupy for the night. By that time the rain had stopped and the storm clouds appeared to be breaking up, the indications being that by morning the sky would be clear.

About three o'clock in the morning Bob was aroused by the flash of a lantern in his face. As he started up he was seized and forced back on the pillow. He saw that three men were in the room and that one of them carried a dark lantern. It seemed clear that they could not belong to the house, therefore they must be burglars. Bob was wide awake in a moment, but he saw he could do nothing, for the three men were close to his bed, and one of them held his hand over his mouth, while the second one held him powerless on the bed. The man with the lantern placed it on the bed and drawing a cord from his pocket proceeded to bind the boy's arms to his body. Then he tied a towel around the lower part of his face. With another length of cord he tied Bob's ankles together, and then to the bedpost. Apparently satisfied that the boy was secure, he motioned his companions to follow him and the three left the room, closing the door after them.

"This is a nice predicament to be placed in," breathed the young broker. "Of course, those chaps intend to rob the house. If I hadn't woke up they might not have done anything to me. I wouldn't have awakened if that chap hadn't flashed the light in my face. I dare say they'll serve the old gentleman pretty much the same as they have me. Doubtless he keeps his money and valuables in his library safe. It may puzzle them somewhat to open it. It all depends on what kind of safe it is. Given time enough, an expert

cracksman will open any ordinary safe as well as many difficult ones. One of them carried a bag, presumably full of burglar tools. My! if I could only get free, I'd try to put a spoke in their wheel somehow; but from the way I'm spliced up I guess I'm tied to remain so."

Recollecting how he had freed himself in the old shanty on the Daly place at Richmond, Bob didn't give up hope of repeating the performance on this occasion. Accordingly, he proceeded to twist and turn and wrench his arms one way and the other, and he found that the strain he put on the cord loosened it somewhat. Four times the cord encircled his body, with the knot behind, and in a short time he got one hand out of the lowest round and that enabled him to twist his other hand out. This first success practically did the work, for it loosened the cord still more so that a little twisting and wrenching sufficed to free him from the second round. Naturally, that still further eased up the cord and the third circle was even easier.

It was no trouble, then, for him to finish the job. Then he removed the gag and speedily released his ankles from the cord which bound them to the bedpost. Free at last, he jumped out of the bed and hurried into his clothes. He went to the door, half expecting that the men had locked him in, but they had not taken that trouble, for the key was still on the inside. He opened the door and looked out. There was a dim light from a lamp hung at the front end of the wide hall. The room assigned to him was on the second floor, at the back, and some distance from the chamber of the master of the house. He didn't hear a sound in the house. It struck him that the burglars were at work in the library, where he had seen the safe.

He decided to go in that direction. The sitting room, where he spent the evening with the owner, was at the end where the light was, and to that he proceeded. Opening the door, he looked inside. The room was dark, but he saw a light streaming from under the door of the library.

"That's where they are," he thought; "doubtless at work on the safe."

Of course, he could not think of going in there and tackling the three men. Had he possessed a revolver, he might have risked it, but even at that the odds would have been greatly against him, for it was pretty certain that the men were armed, too, and would not hesitate to use their weapons when they found themselves in a tight pinch. He tiptoed to the door and looked through the keyhole. The hanging lamp in the room had been lighted, or turned up if kept lit all night, and he saw one of the men, with a mask across his eyes, seated in front of an open door which communicated with another room. It struck Bob right away that the room beyond was the old man's chamber, and that the masked fellow was on guard there. The safe stood in a corner out of sight, and as he couldn't see the other two men, he judged they were at work on it.

Bob's intention had been to find Mr. Roberts' room and arouse him, but that was out of the question if his chamber was the one which opened into the library, a fact which seemed likely. What should he do, then? The servants were all women, and it would be no use to wake them up. No, there was the man who acted as butler

and general factotum. He, of course, occupied a room on the floor above where the other servants were. The question was to locate his room. In trying to do so, he was more than likely to arouse one or more of the women. Then he thought of the gardener who lived with his family in the small lodge at the gate. He judged that would be the best person to communicate with.

"The men must have reached my room with a ladder," thought Bob. "I'll return there and see."

He hurried back to the room and looked out of the window. A ladder was standing there, as he had supposed. He got out and slipped down to the yard, then ran down to the lodge and pulled the bell at the door. After repeating the ring a couple of times a window above was opened and the gardener stuck his head out.

"What's wanted?" he asked.

"Dress yourself and come down quick—there are three burglars in the house!" replied Bob.

"Burglars!" exclaimed the gardener, in a startled tone. "Who are you? I don't recognize you."

"I'm the young man you let in this afternoon on horseback. I called to see Mr. Roberts, you remember, and on account of the rainstorm was invited to remain all night."

"Oh," said the man. "What makes you think there are burglars in the house? Such a thing has never happened in the fifteen years I've been here."

"They came in at my window and woke me up. Then they bound and gagged me and left the room. I freed myself, went looking for them, and discovered that they were in the library working at the safe. Does Mr. Roberts' room open off the library?"

"It does."

"I thought so, for I saw the door between the rooms open and one of the men on guard there, from which fact I judge that they have bound and gagged the old gentleman like they did me."

The gardener was now convinced that the young visitor was telling nothing more than the true facts.

"How long have the burglars been in the house?"

"Nearly an hour, I should judge," answered Bob. "Have you got a revolver?"

"I have."

"Get into your clothes and bring it with you, and something for me to use if you have anything effective in the way of a weapon."

The gardener shut the window and Bob waited impatiently for him to appear at the door.

CHAPTER X.—Capture of the Crooks.

When he came out he had a revolver in his pocket and a club in his hand.

"This is the best thing I can offer you," he said.

"Have you nerve enough to face three stout rascals and shoot quick if necessary?" asked Bob.

The gardener hesitated.

"I've never had occasion to shoot at any one," he said doubtfully.

"Then you'd better let me have the shooter and keep the club yourself. I've been up against crooks before in the city and in New Jersey, and I know what to expect from them, and what to hand out. My nerve is as solid as a rock in an emergency. If one of these chaps made a motion to draw a gun on me, he'd regret it."

Bob spoke with a resolution that impressed the gardener, who was not a particularly brave man.

"You'd better take the revolver, then," said the man, offering it to him.

"Come on," said Bob, holding it in his hand.

"How did you leave the house? By the front door, or the back one?"

"By a ladder that the burglars used and which stands under my window. They probably expect to retreat that way, but I hope we will be able to prevent them from getting away. By the way, do you know where the butler sleeps?"

"In the servants' quarters on the top floor."

"So I supposed. Well, as soon as we get in the house, you must go up and arouse him. Then there will be three of us, and we ought to be strong enough to capture the rascals," said Bob.

They walked over the wet grounds to the ladder. The sky was still overcast, but the clouds were fast breaking up. From a window of the house their figures would have appeared as mere shadows. Bob started up the ladder first and the gardener followed him. To say the truth, the latter did not like the idea of facing a trio of crooks who were probably armed and might shoot without any notice. On the contrary, Bob, who was built of different stuff, would have faced the three alone if he had to now that he had a revolver. Entering his room, Bob crossed to the door and looked into the corridor. Everything was quiet as when he left the house. He waited for the gardener to join him.

"Now, then, get upstairs and wake up the butler, but don't make any more noise about it than you can help. Tell him the facts of the case, and get him down here as soon as possible. I suppose he has a gun?" he said.

"Yes. He keeps a revolver under his pillow," replied the gardener.

"Good! We'll get these chaps on the hip if we're spry about it. Now hustle!"

The gardener started up the rear stairway and Bob slipped down to the sitting room and entered. The light came under the library door as before. Bob walked over and tried the keyhole again. There was no change in the situation inside. He heard the whirling sound of the drill on the safe door. As he was turning away he heard one of the men say:

"One more tumbler, Bill, and we'll have the door open."

Evidently no time was to be lost if they were going to interfere between the crooks and their anticipated booty. Bob withdrew from the room and returned to the door of his own room to await the appearance of the butler and gardener. After what seemed to be a long time, the men came down.

"Come in here," said Bob, in a low tone. "The gardener has explained matters?" he said to the butler.

"He says there are three burglars in the library," said that individual.

"That's right. They are at work on the safe,

and have nearly got into it. I was at the library door a moment ago and heard one of them say that he had only one more tumbler to overcome."

"What shall we do?"

"You've got your revolver?"

"Yes," and the butler displayed it.

"How's your nerve? Are you ready to shoot, if necessary?"

"I am," said the man firmly.

"All right. We'll take them by surprise and cover them. I'll look after the two at the safe, and you hold the chap sitting at the door of Mr. Roberts' room. The gardener must secure them, one by one. You'd better hurry down to the kitchen and get a clothes line and a knife to cut it with," he added to the gardener. "Don't lose any time. We'll wait here till you return."

The gardener went down the back stairs and was gone nearly ten minutes. He returned with a clothes line.

"Now, then, follow me," said Bob.

The three proceeded down the corridor and softly entered the sitting room.

"See the light under the library door?" whispered Bob.

They saw it plainly enough.

"Look through the keyhole," the boy told the butler.

The man did, and saw the rascal who was on guard.

"Now we'll bounce in on them," said Bob.

"Are you ready?"

The butler was ready, but the gardener would rather have been excused. Flinging open the door, they entered the library.

"Throw up your hands!" cried Bob, covering the two men at the safe.

The butler pointed his weapon at the other. The rascals were taken completely by surprise. The chap who was holding the dark-lantern at the safe to give his pal plenty of light, flashed it at Bob. The glare partially blinded the boy and placed him at a great disadvantage. His presence of mind did not desert him, however. He fired straight at the bull's-eye. There was a crash of glass and a howl from the crook. The other burglar had dropped his drill and was pulling his gun when Bob cried out that he would shoot again if he didn't throw up his hands. The man reluctantly obeyed.

"Now, up with yours!" said Bob to the other, whose right hand was bleeding where the bullet had torn a furrow. With an imprecation, the chap also obeyed. The gardener had made no demonstration, but stood in the doorway with his club in one hand and the clothes line in the other.

"Now, then, butler," said Bob, without taking his eyes off the two men at the safe, "you've got your man, I suppose. Tell the gardener to tie him to the chair. Then we'll attend to these fellows."

The gardener advanced and tied the crook by the butler's orders. With one of the rascals out of the way, the other two were speedily secured, for with two revolvers pointed at them they did not dare offer any resistance. Bob then looked in at the chamber of the old man and beheld him bound and gagged on the bed, as helpless as an infant. The young broker speedily relieved him of the gag and began to cut his bonds.

"You here, young man!" exclaimed the master of the house, in an unsteady voice on recognizing his young visitor.

"Yes, sir. I'm right on the job. We've captured the rascals."

"Who is with you?"

"Your butler and gardener."

"One of the men fired at you?"

"No; I fired at one of them and hit his hand. I had to, for he nearly blinded me with his bull's-eye light. If the room hadn't been lighted up, they would have got the better of us."

Bob hurriedly explained all that had happened, as far as he was concerned, to the astonished old man, who wondered at the boy's pluck and activity in thwarting the work of the burglars. He declared that he was under the strongest of obligations to his young visitor and could not thank him enough.

"You're welcome, Mr. Roberts," replied the boy. "I only did my duty."

"It was more than could be expected of you, for we are comparative strangers to each other," said Mr. Roberts. "As a visitor, just stopping overnight, it was hardly your duty to risk your life in the defence of my property. I assure you that I fully appreciate your conduct, and will not forget you."

"That's all right, sir. Come out into the library and see how we've got the rascals fixed."

The old man put on a wrapper and followed Bob. The butler and gardener, the latter brave enough now, were standing guard over the bound rascals. After looking at them and then at his ruined safe, Mr. Roberts telephoned to the village for the officers of the law to come out to his place and take charge of the burglars. An hour passed before the constable arrived in a wagon. They listened to the story of the attempted burglary, and of the capture of the crooks. They examined the safe and found that five minutes' more undisturbed work would have enabled the rascals to have opened the door, for all but one of the tumblers of the combination had been knocked out of place. The crooks were carried to the lock-up, to be removed next morning to Stamford, and the officers said that all hands must appear before the magistrate in the morning to testify against them. That would interfere with Bob's early return to New York, but it couldn't be helped. It was nearly five when he returned to bed, and at eight he was called to come to breakfast. After the meal Mr. Roberts ordered his carriage to the door and set off for the village, with Bob riding behind and the butler and the gardener following. The crooks were brought before the magistrate, who, after hearing the testimony, remanded the prisoners to Stamford jail. Bob then bade his host good-by, and took a train for New York.

CHAPTER XI.—Mrs. Green.

On reaching Wall street, Bob first went to his office, attended to his mail and others matters, and then went around to Day & Carter's office. He was admitted to Mr. Day's private room.

"Well," said the broker, "have you visited Mr. Roberts?"

"Yes, sir. I went there yesterday afternoon and returned about an hour ago."

"Did the gentleman invite you to stay all night?" said Mr. Day.

"Yes, sir. The weather turned out stormy after dinner, to which he invited me, and so he asked me to remain till the morning, an invitation I was glad to accept under the circumstances, and, as event proved, it was fortunate for him that I stayed."

"How is that?"

Bob gave him the particulars of the attempted burglary and the capture of the three crooks.

"Upon my word, Bob, you're a corker. You have placed the old man under a debt of gratitude to you. But how about the business in hand?"

"It's all right, sir. I put it through before we went to dinner."

"You did?"

"Yes, sir. I bought the 5,000 shares for 40, and paid the \$20,000 on account."

"You have done well. Much better than I expected. I hardly believed that the old man could be induced to sell."

"Oh, he has been desirous of selling the stock at a good price for some time, so he admitted to me, but he would have nothing to do with brokers, or any one representing a broker."

"I suppose you used your friend, Mr. Frost, as the alleged purchaser?"

"Yes, sir. Mr. Roberts investigated him over the long-distance phone before he would talk business at all. When he found he was a retired capitalist he agreed to let the stock go at the figure stated. He is going to bring the certificates to Mr. Frost's house whenever that gentleman notifies him that he is prepared to close the deal in full."

"The matter had better be settled right away. I will give you a certified check for \$180,000 as soon as you are ready for it, and you can turn it over to Mr. Frost."

"All right, sir. I'll see Mr. Frost this afternoon and have him write at once to Mr. Roberts to bring on the certificates and get his money."

Mr. Day congratulated Bob on making a success of his mission, which meant the earning of a \$625 commission, not a bad rake-in for the boy broker. Bob took his lunch, dropped in at his office for half an hour, and then went up to see Mr. Frost. He told the old gentleman about his visit to Mr. Roberts' place, and what happened during the night there. He arranged for the completion of the purchase of the Candia stock, and then started for home. His mother had been somewhat anxious over his failure to return home the previous night, though Bob had taken the precaution to notify her by telegraph where he was going.

He had quite a story to tell her when he did get home, and after telling it at the supper-table he went straight to bed, as he felt tired. Two days afterward the Candia matter was settled at Mr. Frost's home, and Mr. Roberts received the rest of his money on turning over the certificates. The old man wanted to know where Bob lived and the boy told him. Bob received a warm invitation from him to revisit his place and spend the week-end with him. The young broker promised to do so at no distant time. Next morning

Bob delivered the Candia certificates to Mr. Day at his office, and was directed to send in his statement of account. This he did that afternoon and got his commission. When Bob got home on the following afternoon he found a package addressed to him which had been delivered by registered mail. The package contained a box from a prominent New York jeweler, and in the box was an expensive diamond scarf pin sent to him by Mr. Roberts, as testimony of his appreciation of the boy's services in saving him from being robbed. Bob was reading at his desk next morning when a handsomely dressed lady walked in and asked for Mr. Morris.

"That's my name, madam. Take a seat," said Bob.

"A gentleman by the name of Risdon, whom I met a few days ago, spoke about you in such complimentary terms that, having since got a tip to buy a certain stock, I determined to do my business this time with you," said the visitor, who introduced herself as Mrs. Green.

"I'm much obliged to Mr. Risdon, but I don't recall the gentleman as a person I am acquainted with," said Bob.

"He spoke as if he knew you," she answered.

"I guess he has only heard about me from some broker."

"Well, he said you were the smartest person for your age in Wall Street."

"That is rather a strong statement for him to make," laughed Bob.

Then she got down to business and told Bob that she wanted him to buy for her account 100 shares of P. & D. on margin.

"Yes, ma'am, I can do that for you all right. The deposit will be \$1,000."

She produced the money and soon after went away. The stock went up three points during the week and then Mrs. Green called again and ordered the stock sold. Two days later she called for her statement and the money and got both. Bob's commission on the transaction was \$25, plus interest charges on \$6,800, which he had advanced for the purchase of the stock. This was the first operation he had wholly conducted himself without any help from Sargent. As he had a capital of \$80,000 in his business, he didn't have to hypothecate the stock to raise any funds to help pay for it, so he made the interest charges himself. Some days later the lady reappeared with a ten-share certificate of Southern Railway, which she said a relative down South had sent her for a birthday present.

"I don't want to keep the stock so you had better sell it for me," she said.

"All right. I'll do it," said Bob.

"I will call in a few days for the money."

"Very well, ma'am. I'll have it ready for you."

Southern Railway was quoted at 116, and the ten shares were consequently worth \$1,160. Bob took the stock to Sargent and asked him to dispose of it in the Exchange. Sargent, who had been handling the stock to some extent lately, looked the certificate over and was struck by some dissimilarity in the signature of the president to that in other certificates he had seen.

"Where did you get this, Morris?" he asked.

"A lady customer brought it to me to sell for her."

"Did she say where she got it?"

"Yes. She told me that a relative in the South sent it to her for a birthday present."

"Well, it doesn't look just right to me. Take it down to Taylor & Co. That firm is the clearing house for Southern Railway. Ask them if it's all right."

"Do you think there is something wrong about it?"

"To tell you the truth, I do."

Fifteen minutes later Bob presented the certificate to a clerk at Taylor & Co., and asked him if it was a genuine certificate. The clerk looked it over carefully.

"Who are you from?" he asked.

"Nobody. I'm in business for myself. There is my card."

"Where did you get this certificate?"

"From a lady customer."

"Wait a moment."

The clerk took the certificate into a private room. In a few moments he returned.

"Mr. Taylor would like to see you."

He showed Bob into the inner room. The boy found himself in the presence of a tall, well-dressed man at a desk. Mr. Taylor pointed to a chair near him.

"Your name is Robert Morris, eh?" he said, with the boy's card in his fingers.

"Yes, sir."

"How long have you been in the brokerage business?"

"About four months."

"You were employed in the Street before that, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"With whom?"

"Day & Carter."

"I suppose you don't know that there are some spurious certificates of Southern Railway on the market?"

"I didn't know, until Broker Sargent, with whom I have business relations, told me. He advised me to bring that certificate to you for inspection, as he had some doubts himself about the president's signature."

"He was right. This certificate is worthless. The president's name has been forged. You got it from a lady customer, I understand?"

"I did. She left it with me to sell."

"Are you well acquainted with her?"

"No, sir. I have only done business with her once before—a week or so ago."

"You know her address, of course?"

"I've got it at the office."

"Send it to me. I must retain this certificate. My clerk will give you a receipt for it. If the lady calls you can explain the facts to her, and then bring her down here."

"All right," replied Bob.

That closed the interview. He got his receipt for the certificate and returned to Sargent's office, but the broker had gone over to the Exchange, so he went back to his office.

investigate the case. Their object, doubtless, was to get the name and address of the relative who had sent the certificate to the lady. Then the certificate could be traced to the person who sold it to the relative. Later on Bob saw Sargent and told him that the certificate was no good.

"I had an idea that such was the case," said the broker. "The lady will not be pleased to learn that she is out over \$1,100."

"Neither would you be, under the same circumstances."

"She can console herself with the fact that the stock didn't cost her anything. She will probably have something to say on the subject to her relative."

"Mr. Taylor asked me for her address and I sent it to him, so she is likely to hear about the certificate before she calls on me again," said Bob.

"Quite likely," nodded Sargent.

On the following morning, while Bob was at his desk, his telephone rang.

"Hello!" he replied, putting the receiver to his ear.

"Is this Robert Morris, broker?"

"Yes."

"I'm Mr. Taylor. I sent a clerk up to the address you gave me of Mrs. Green, but she does not live at the number, which is an apartment house, nor does she appear to be known in the immediate neighborhood. Just see whether you gave me the correct address or not."

"Hold the wire and I'll look, but I'm sure I gave it to you right," said Bob.

He referred again to Mrs. Green's address, which was in his book, and repeated it over the wire.

"That's the address you gave me. You either took it down wrong from the lady, or she didn't give you her right address," said Mr. Taylor. "Her initial is H.?"

"Yes."

"I'll see if I can find it in the city directory. I suppose you don't know whether she has a husband or is a widow?"

"No, sir. She doesn't look like a widow. There is nothing somber about her."

"She might be a grass-widow," laughed Taylor. "Or a divorced woman living on a substantial alimony. You say she dresses fine?"

"Away up in G. She has money or she could not put on such a front."

"That is all. You will hear from me later about this matter. Good-by."

Bob scratched his ear as he hung up the receiver.

"She must have given me a fictitious address," he thought, "for I am very careful about getting my customers' addresses right. If she gave me a false one, it looks kind of bad in the light of the bogus certificate. She told me that a Mr. Risdon mentioned me in flattering terms to her, and that induced her to call on me. Now I haven't the slightest acquaintance with any man by that name. Never even heard of him. If there is such a person, he heard of me through some broker. I wonder if the lady knew the certificate was no good and tried to work it off through me because I was young and might be considered more inexperienced than the ordinary run of traders? It is quite possible. People are up to

CHAPTER XII.—A Rise in Copper.

Bob wondered if he had not better go uptown and call on Mrs. Green. As he had sent her address to Taylor & Co., he concluded to let that firm attend to the matter. They were bound to

all kinds of games in this world to make money at some one else's expense. She was a very fascinating party, I must admit, and those are the kind of ladies who can pull the wool over the eyes of the male sex. Well, I haven't been caught; that's some satisfaction."

Bob looked for the lady to appear next day for the value of the ten shares of the Southern Railway stock, but she did not show up. He communicated by phone with Taylor & Co., and asked if they had got a line on Mrs. Green, but they had not been able to locate her. Later in the day a man in a smart business suit, who looked as if he might be a high-grade clerk, called and asked Bob for an exact description of Mrs. Green.

He presented a letter signed by Taylor & Co., requesting the information. Bob gave it and the man went away. He was a detective from the Wall Street agency, but Bob didn't know that. Next morning Bob read in the papers that owing to a shortage in the copper output, the reserve supply was not keeping pace with the demand and, as a result, the price was certain to be put up.

In a Wall Street paper he read that the copper situation was remarkably strong and that copper stocks were likely to advance somewhat in value. The editor said that now was a good time to buy copper shares, and he mentioned a number of mines that ought to pay an immediate investor. Bob dropped in on Sargent and asked him what he thought about copper.

"I'm thinking of buying some copper stock," said the young broker. "What do you think about it?"

"Good idea, if you have no better use for your money. Buy the shares outright and hold them for a probable advance. You might as well put your money out at something that will be likely to pay you a big interest than keep it lying idle in your safe-deposit box," said Sargent.

"That's my idea exactly," replied Bob.

He ran over the names of mines he had seen in the paragraph in the Wall Street paper, and asked the broker which he thought was the best to go in.

"I think you'd better tackle Alpha. It's low at present, going at \$5. It is not likely to drop any further, and may advance a dollar inside of a month. Buy 5,000 shares and see how you come out," said Sargent.

Bob concluded to do it, and he gave Sargent an order to get him the shares.

"I'll fetch the money to you in the course of an hour," he said.

"All right," replied the broker.

Two days later the certificates were delivered to Bob, and he put them in his safe-deposit box. In the meanwhile nothing had been seen of Mrs. Green. On the following week there was a flurry in the copper market, and all the copper stocks began advancing. Alpha went up to \$8 in three days. Bob bought 5,000 more at \$6 and devoted his attention to the Curb. Ten days later Alpha reached \$10. Everybody was hot on the copper situation, and thousands of shares of the various mines exchanged ownership, and other thousands were bought on margin by the small speculators. Hardly anything but copper was sought after during the excitement. When Al-

pha reached \$12 Bob told Sargent that he guessed he would sell out.

"The market is strong and the price is likely to hold for a while, but I think it won't go a whole lot higher. I mean Alpha particularly. It never has been higher than \$9," he said.

Sargent agreed that he would do well by getting out before the reaction set in, for no one could tell when that would happen. So Bob put in his order and Sargent sold his 10,000 shares at a profit of \$65,000 to the boy broker. Three days afterward the boom went to pieces and Alpha dropped to \$8, and then to \$6. Bob therefore had reason to congratulate himself in getting out in time.

CHAPTER XIII.—The Encounter at the Cove.

The bright young broker was now worth \$135,000, and he felt that his success in Wall Street was already assured, though he got customers very slowly, and most of them were people he had never seen, as they lived out of the city. Miss Mason was a great help to him, and would be a greater one if she remained with him. Privately, she thought her youthful employer the finest young man in the city. Only for him, she wouldn't have got the pleasant situation she had, and she rather preferred the work she was now doing to the heavier duties she had been called on to perform at the shirt-waist house. There was nothing she wasn't willing to do for Bob, though he had no occasion to work her very hard at present. The heaviest job she had was the daily market report he dictated to her and which she typewrote in manifold to the extent of about three dozen copies. One of these went out in every letter Bob sent away, and he seldom had more than thirty-five letters a day to answer.

Bob had leased a small adjoining office for a private room, and he would get possession of it on the first of May, which was only two weeks away. That would give his office more of a solid look, for a broker without a private room could hardly be regarded as doing a whole lot of business, and appearances go for a great deal in this world. In fact, a good bluff often discounts the real article if it looks behind the times. It was about this time that Bob received a notification from the Stamford authorities that his presence would be required in court to appear against the three burglars who had made the attempt to rob Mr. Roberts. In the same mail he got a letter from the old man.

"As you will have to appear in Stamford on next Monday," wrote Mr. Roberts, "I think you had better come out to my house on Saturday afternoon and remain with me till the case is settled. You will be able to return on Monday afternoon, if your business requires you to be back in the city so soon. At any rate, I shall be very much pleased to have you spend a couple of days or longer with me."

The old man said in his letter that if Bob mentioned the train he was coming on he would have his carriage at the station ready to bring him to the house. Bob decided to accept the invitation, and write Mr. Roberts that he would be out on the same train he had come by before. He told

his mother Friday evening that he would not return home next day, nor, in fact, before Monday night, as he was going out to Mr. Roberts' place. Before he went to lunch next day he gave Miss Mason directions to open all his letters on Monday morning, enter the orders in his book and send them, with the money, to Broker Sargent. He told her if he got back in time he would dictate his market letter to her, and asked her to wait for him till five o'clock.

After lunch he started for the Grand Central Station, boarded the train and in due time was landed at the village station, where he found the carriage waiting for him, in charge of the gardener, who was the acting coachman, too. He received a hearty welcome from Mr. Roberts, who showed him over his property and then took him into his library.

"What business are you in, Morris?" asked the old man.

That question struck Bob all in a heap. It meant that he would have to make a confession of the trick he had employed to induce his host to part with the Candia stock, and he feared that the old man would be a bit angry and put out in consequence. However, he was up against it, and the only manly way out was to tell the whole truth and trust to Mr. Roberts' good opinion.

"I am in business for myself, and it is a business I'm afraid you won't like. Here is my card," and Bob handed it to him.

The old man looked at it, frowned, and then said:

"So you are a Wall Street broker—one of the fraternity I have long had a bitter dislike for, ever since one of them, in whom I placed great confidence, robbed me of a considerable sum of money. Well, I shall have to make an exception of your case, since I am under great obligations to you. Somebody warned you, I guess, of my feeling toward brokers, and when you came out here to get that stock for Mr. Frost, you did not tell me that you were a broker, and I did not suspect the fact on account of your youth. How long have you been in business for yourself?"

"About six months."

"You are certainly not a full-fledged broker yet, which is another point in your favor. On the whole, I am not displeased. I like you, and your business cuts no figure with me at all."

Bob was much relieved to find that the old man took the matter so easy, so he did not volunteer any information about the Candia Railway business, but let Mr. Roberts believe that Mr. Frost was really the actual purchaser of the stock. The old man asked him how he was getting on, and if he had capital enough to make a success of his business. Bob told him that he was getting on all right, and had all the capital he needed to carry things on without a hitch. He told the old man how he had started speculating while in the employ of Day & Carter, and had accumulated \$6,500 when he resigned his job and started out for himself. During the six months he had been in business he had cleared \$130,000, and he guessed that was doing pretty well. Mr. Roberts was amazed at the luck which had attended the boy's speculative ventures, and heartily congratulated him on his success.

"If you keep on as you've begun, you will prob-

ably become a millionaire one of these days," he said. "How old are you now?"

"Nineteen," replied Bob.

"The world is all before you, while it is all behind me. However, I've had my day, and cannot complain."

At that moment dinner was announced and they went down to the dining room. The following day was pleasant, and Mr. Roberts got his carriage out, and he and Bob went for a long drive around the country. After dinner Bob walked out at the gate and took his way to the shore of the big cove. He followed it for about a mile in the direction of the Sound when, twilight falling, he started back. Suddenly two men stepped out from the shelter of the bushes and confronted him.

"You're Robert Morris, I'm thinking," said one of the men.

As Bob had never seen the men before, he was surprised that they should know him, and he regarded them with keen attention.

"Perhaps I am," he answered. "What of it? What do you want?"

"We want to talk with you," said the man.

"About what?"

"The case in which you are a witness. It comes on to-morrow at the Stamford court, that's why you are down in this locality."

"What has that case got to do with you?" asked Bob, regarding them with suspicion.

"The prisoners are friends of ours."

"Oh, they are? I shouldn't think you would be proud about admitting that fact."

"Why not? Friends are friends, and it's our place to stand by them when they're in trouble."

"Whose fault is it that they're in trouble?"

"It's your fault."

"Mine!" exclaimed Bob. "You've got a nerve to say that."

"According to the testimony you gave before the magistrate of the village, who committed them, you were the chief cause of their capture. If you hadn't butted in, they wouldn't have been caught."

"Then you think I ought not to have prevented them from robbing Mr. Roberts?" said Bob sarcastically. "I ought to have allowed them full swing so they could have made off with their booty."

"You were only a visitor at the house, and it would have made no difference to you what Roberts lost. He's reputed to be a rich old duck, and could well afford to lose a few thousand dollars."

"I don't agree with your line of argument, and I don't care to discuss the matter further with you, so I'll bid you good evening."

"Hold on, we're not through with you yet."

"Well, I'm through with you."

"You don't leave here till you listen to me."

"This is a hold-up, I suppose? You mean to rob me."

"No, we don't intend to rob you."

"What are your intentions, then?"

"We want to make a deal with you."

"Well?" said Bob, desirous of learning their purpose.

"We'll pay you \$500 if you'll influence Roberts to go easy with our friends and stay away from court yourself."

"Sorry I can't oblige you."

"Don't be a fool. Five hundred dollars is a lot of money."

"I'd be a fool if I refused to obey the subpoena that was served on me. I'd probably find myself in jail for contempt."

"Don't you believe it. This is Connecticut. They can't make you come into this State unless you want to."

"I guess you don't know a whole lot about such things. However, I'm not going to argue with you. Your offer is declined."

"You refuse to accept our proposition?"

"I certainly do."

"Then we'll have to prevent you appearing in court to-morrow and see Roberts ourselves."

"How are you going to prevent me?"

"By making a prisoner of you."

"Not if I can help it, you won't."

Bob made a sudden dash into the bushes before they could lay hands on him, and after running a few yards, got out on the shore again, where sprinting was better, and put out like a hare up the cove. The men gave instant chase, but they were no match for the active ex-messenger, and he soon outstripped them, and lost them in the falling gloom, reaching the Roberts place out of breath. He stopped at the lodge to tell the gardener about his encounter on the shore of the cove, and to warn him against the men, whom he described. Entering the house, he told his story to the old man, and Mr. Roberts called up the village head constable and repeated the boy's story to him, suggesting that the chaps ought to be locked up and arrested on the charge of trying to bribe a witness.

The constable said he'd attend to the matter, but if he did anything, no one heard about it. Next day the three burglars were tried for their crime, and the jury, regarding the testimony against them as conclusive, brought in a verdict of guilty. They were sentenced to ten years each in the State prison, and were taken away at once to begin their time. Bob reached his office at half-past four, and he and Miss Mason stayed till nearly six to get out the market letter.

CHAPTER XIV.—Bob Loads Up on Neptune.

Next morning Bob saw in one of his Western papers that a new vein of ore of good quality had recently been discovered in the Neptune mine, and that when it had been fully uncovered and sized up it was expected that mine's prospects would be much improved. On the strength of that he went down to the Curb to see what was being offered for the stock. He struck the trader who had told him he had a block of 5,000 shares which he'd like to sell for 4 cents. That, however, was six months ago. Bob asked him what he was asking for his stock now, expecting him to say 10 cents or thereabouts.

"I'm not asking for any bids on it. Do you want it?"

"I might take it if you let it go cheap enough."

"Give me 3 cents for the block and you can have it."

"I'll go you. If Neptune isn't worth 3 cents, it isn't worth anything."

"It is worth twice 3 cents, I dare say," said the broker, "but it's too slow a mover for me. I've had that stock nearly a year. I wish you luck with it. Send me \$50 on account, and I'll deliver the certificates C. O. D. to you to-morrow."

Bob picked up 6,000 more shares from another trader, at 3 cents. Later in the day he went over to Jersey City and found 15,000 shares among the brokers there, which he got for 4 cents. The next day all the certificates were delivered and he paid for them. He now had 40,000 shares in his safe, which had cost him \$1,450. That day he telegraphed to Goldfield, asking how the market was for Neptune. He got word back that there was some demand for it at from 5 to 6 cents.

On the following day he went around among the officers of the Curb brokers, looking for more of the stock, and picked up 20,000 shares altogether from different parties, at 4 cents. Then he inserted an advertisement in an evening paper, which had a considerable country subscription list, offering 4 cents for Neptune stock. In the course of two weeks he got numerous letters from farmers and others who had bought 1,000 or more shares at 15 cents, and who felt that they had been stuck on the stock. Most of them wanted 5 cents or more, but he sent them word he would pay only 4 cents. He got 20,000 shares this way. Several city holders of the stock called on him and sold him 20,000 shares in small lots at his price. That was all he could find—100,000 shares altogether, which cost him \$3,950. Next day's reports from Goldfield showed that several thousand shares of Neptune had been sold at 8 cents, and that lots of people were asking 10 cents for it. Several days afterward Broker Hoskins met Bob on the Curb.

"You bought that stock of me for a Goldfield man, didn't you?" he asked.

"No, sir. I bought it for myself."

"Well, there's a man from Goldfield looking for Neptune. I told him, half an hour ago, that I sold you what I had about three weeks ago. He asked me for your address, and I gave it to him."

"What did he offer you for Neptune?"

"He didn't make any offer, for I had none for sale."

"If he offers me less than 10 cents, I won't consider it."

"Ten cents! And you bought it from me for three."

"Sure. I'm looking to make a profit. That's how I expect to become a millionaire one of these days."

"Did you buy any more at 3 cents?" asked the trader curiously.

"Yes, I bought 10,000 more at that price."

"There's no demand for it here, but you could get twice that price in Goldfield for it to-day, according to reports from there."

"I'm not anxious to sell, for I heard the mine has turned up new ore of a better quality."

"The fact has been circulated in the Western papers, but no official report has as yet been given out by the management, so that it is a matter of doubt what effect the developments will have on the mine. It takes something more than a mere statement in the public press, which can never be depended on, to convince the invest-

ing public that Neptune is worth taking a chance on."

"I've taken a chance on it. If I had waited till the news was confirmed, could I have picked up the stock at 3 and 4 cents?"

"Hardly."

"That's just it. You can't win without taking a risk. If a Goldfield man is on here looking for Neptune stock it's a sign it is worth something more than it was."

"He ought to be able to pick up several thousand shares in Jersey City."

"If he can find them there."

"Oh, he'll find them. I know one or two firms over there who have it."

Bob did not say that he had collared all he could find in Jersey City. Nor that he had bought 40,000 shares through his advertisement. He was pretty well satisfied that he had cornered the Eastern supply of Neptune and that the man from Goldfield would have to deal with him if he wanted any of it. It was an hour before he returned to his office, and then Miss Mason told him that a man by the name of Burbank had called and wanted to see him.

"He said he would be back later," she said.

"All right," replied Bob, taking up a paper and starting to read it.

He went to lunch at one o'clock and was back a few minutes before two. He had hardly settled himself in his chair before the door opened and a man with a free-and-easy air came in.

"This is the man from Goldfield," thought the young broker.

"Are you Robert Morris?" asked the visitor.

"Yes, sir. Take a seat."

"My name is William Burbank. I am looking for some Neptune mining stock. A broker by the name of Hoskins told me he sold you a block of 5,000 shares about three weeks ago."

"That's right," nodded Bob.

"You also bought 4,000 from another broker."

"Quite correct."

"You purchased the shares for a customer, I suppose?"

"I must decline to answer that question. You say you are looking for Neptune mining stock?"

"I am."

"What are you offering for it?"

"I'll give you 6 cents for all you can get me."

Bob shook his head.

"It's practically ruling at 8 to-day in Goldfield," said Bob. "You'll have to bid higher than 6 if you hope to get any from me."

"I haven't seen to-day's Goldfield market report. If you say it is selling at 8, I'll pay you that," said Burbank.

"I haven't any for sale at 8."

"What do you want for what you have?"

"At the present moment the stock is not for sale."

"Not for sale?"

"No."

"Why not? It was going begging a couple of weeks ago."

"There isn't any particular demand for it in this locality even now. If you want it very bad you might make a round of the offices of the different Curb brokers."

"I've called on fifteen or more and only found two who had any, and they had sold it to you."

"Well, why don't you call on the others? You may have better luck."

"I'll have to if you won't sell me any."

"I'm holding on to them on the chance that the price might go to a quarter."

"It never will go as high as that."

"Why not? There has been new ore found in the mine that ought to improve its prospects."

"That statement has been exaggerated by the newspapers."

"But new ore has been found, hasn't it? You are from Goldfield, I believe, and ought to know something about it."

"Yes, new ore has been found," admitted the visitor; "that is why the stock has become active again on the Goldfield market, but the price will scarcely rise above 10 or 12 cents. I'll give you 10 cents for all you have, spot cash."

"No, sir. I am not in a hurry to sell. I can afford to hold on as long as I choose, for I haven't got much money invested in the stock. I have an idea that it will pay me to wait a while and see how the cat jumps."

"Then I can't do any business with you?" said Burbank, in a disappointed tone.

"Not at this moment you can't. I can't say what my views of Neptune will be in a day or two. After you have tried other brokers here and in Jersey City, and haven't secured all you want, you can call in and see me again," said Bob.

"Very well," said Burbank. "I may call again in a day or two."

He got up and took his leave.

CHAPTER XV.—Conclusion.

After Burbank had departed, Bob telegraphed to a friend of Sargent's in Goldfield for the best information obtainable about the Neptune mine. He could not expect an answer for several days, for it would have to come by mail. On the following afternoon Burbank again appeared.

"Look here, Morris, you appear to have bought up every share of Neptune in sight," he said. "I have run across a score of brokers who sold you from 1,000 shares up to 5,000, and most of the other traders remember you applying to them for the stock, which they didn't have. How much of this stock have you got, and why have you bought so much of it?"

"I decline to tell you how much I have, as that is nobody's business but my own. I bought the stock because I found I could get it cheap in spite of the report that new ore had been found in the mine that was bound to improve its prospects. It was a small risk, anyway, that I took on the chance of making a good profit if the price of the stock really went up and there arose a demand for it. If it takes a real jump on the Goldfield market, brokers here will be looking for it. As I believe I have bagged nearly all that was on the Eastern market, why, whoever wants it will have to call on me," said Bob.

"You're a pretty smart young fellow," said Burbank. "I see there is no use of me trying to buy any from you, as I couldn't give over 12 cents for it."

"You'd give twelve, would you?"

"Yes."

"And it's practically selling for less than ten in Goldfield, where you came from."

"It will be twelve there to-morrow. I may as well admit that I came East on purpose to buy in all the stock of Neptune I could find. I expected to get it for 4 cents, or 5 at the outside. I admit all this, for I can see you mean to hold on to the stock for the developments you expect will come. I will also admit that I am the vice-president of the company, and that I came on in the interest of other officers as well as myself. We are the chief owners. I suspect you hold enough of the stock to make you a large owner, too. This fact will come out as soon as you send on the certificates to be transferred to your name. Now, I have a proposition to make you."

"What is it?"

"We have no Wall Street representative, and we should like to get somebody or a firm to act for us and keep the Eastern transfer books. Will you accept the appointment? I promise you it will be worth while."

"I will, if it is officially offered to me."

"I am offering it officially. I will report your acceptance to the president, and he will forward you the official appointment, signed by himself. The price of Neptune will probably go to 25 cents within a week. It may be some time before it will go higher. Within a year the company expects to be able to declare its first dividend. I should advise you to hold on to the bulk of your stock if you do not need the money in your business."

Bob held an hour's interview with the man from Goldfield, who said he was going to take one of the evening expresses for the West, as there was no further need for his presence in New York. Next day the Goldfield market report showed that Neptune was ruling at 12 cents, and by the end of the week it had reached 20. Eight days after the departure of Burbank from the city, Bob received his official appointment as Eastern representative of the Neptune Gold & Silver Mining Co., of Bullfrog, Nevada. The stock was then selling for 2 cents on the Goldfield Exchange, and considerable of it exchanged hands.

Bob immediately had the company's name painted on the outer door, and issued a circular of notification to the mining brokers. At about the same time he offered 25,000 shares of the stock for sale in small lots, at 25 cents, and found ready purchasers for it. That gave him a profit of \$2,300 on his whole purchase, and he still had left 75,000 shares, worth nearly \$20,000. Altogether, he had done well by going into Neptune. He was getting to be well known in the Street now. One day his friend, Nathaniel Frost came to the office and gave him an order to buy 5,000 shares of Erie, on margin, for his account.

"As soon as you get it," said the old gentleman, "you'd better buy 5,000 shares for yourself. I've got the tip that Erie will go from 38 to 45 in three days."

Bob bought the stock—5,000 shares for Frost, and the same amount for himself.

He got it through Sargent, as usual. When Sargent noticed that Bob was buying a similar amount of the same stock as his customer, he asked him what was going to happen in the Erie camp.

"These are buying orders, which ought to tell

you that Mr. Frost and myself are expecting a rise," replied Bob.

"Naturally; but what gives you both the idea that a rise is coming?"

"Mr. Frost told me to buy, and I guess he knows what's coming off. Somebody in the swim has probably tipped him off. I don't think you'd lose anything yourself if you got on the bandwagon with us."

Sargent took the hint and bought as much Erie as he could afford. All hands got the stock at 38, but an hour afterward it was up to 39. Bob was going down Broad street when he noticed a man on the corner of Exchange Place who looked familiar to him, yet when he got a look at his face he could not place him. The stranger saw Bob staring at him and, turning away, started across the street at a rapid rate. His walk betrayed his identity to the boy.

"That's the dapper young crook who robbed Mr. Frost and afterward tried to rob me with the help of his pal. I must catch him, for his presence down here doesn't mean any good," thought Bob.

He started right after the fellow and grabbed him at the other corner.

"Here, what do you mean?" demanded the stranger, trying to shake him off.

"I think it's time you were pulled in. Crooks are not supposed to come below the dead line. I see you don't mind taking the risk," said Bob.

Just then Bob saw a Wall Street detective approaching, with whom he was acquainted.

"Here, Mr. Brady, take charge of this man. He's a crook in disguise," he said.

Conscious that he was in a tight place, the dapper young man swung himself free from Bob and started on a run up Exchange place. The boy and the detective were hot on his heels. They caught him before he got as far as New street, and Bob pulled the beard off his face, exposing his smooth face. The young broker told the detective that the fellow was guilty of stealing a pocketbook with \$500 in it, which he recovered from him, and that he and another man had tried to rob him of a bag containing about \$50,000 worth of stock, in front of his office. The crook was marched to the station and locked up. Next day Mr. Frost and Bob appeared against him in the Tombs police court, and the magistrate held him for the action of the grand jury. In the course of a month an indictment was found against him, on which he was subsequently tried, convicted and sent to State prison.

A few days after the capture of the dapper young man, Erie boomed to 46, and Bob and Mr. Frost each made \$40,000. Counting his Neptune stock, now worth 27 cents a share, the bright boy broker was worth \$200,000. As he was at last on the high road to success, with an increasing list of customers, we need not follow his further career in Wall Street. Suffice it to say that to-day he is generally regarded as one of the shining lights of Wall Street—a broker with a large number of customers on his books, and the lady who presides over his fine West End avenue residence was once May Mason, to whom he gave a helping hand in her hour of need.

Next week's issue will contain "TELEGRAPH TOM; or, THE MESSAGE THAT MADE HIM FAMOUS"

CURRENT NEWS

SMITHY FINDS 81 TOO YOUNG TO QUIT

A. M. Arthurs, 81 years old, thought he had worked long enough a year ago, so he retired.

But Arthurs found after a year of "loafing" here that leading an inactive life was the hardest work he had ever done. So he purchased his former property near this city and will soon be pounding his old anvil again.

Arthurs has been a blacksmith since he was 16 years old and is still hale and hearty.

RIVER OF HONEY

When a honey bee staggers around holding his head and staring despondently into space he may be suffering from influenza, dementia precox or any one of a dozen other physical or mental disorders. At any rate he needs quick medical attention and is getting it in the honey producing regions of this province.

Bee experts say that Manitoba will pour a river of honey on the world's pancakes this year and that the big production is due almost entirely to the elimination of bee diseases. Last year's average of approximately 65 pounds to the hive is expected to be materially increased by the hundreds of large apiaries scattered throughout the province.

Beekeeping is not a new industry in Canada, but it has grown in late years throughout the districts where the remaining lands of the Hudson's Bay Company are being closed out to farm settlers.

INVENTOR, "HOMESICK," RETURNS TO PRISON

Enter the "homesick" former convict, who robbed the State prison at Waupun, Wis., to get back in.

"Don't shoot! I'm coming down," cried a shadowy figure on the wall of the prison when one of the guards discovered it shortly before midnight.

It proved to be William Chowski, 55 years old, the famous "perpetual motion inventor" of Juneau, Wis., who had to be literally "thrown out" of the prison when he had completed a long sentence for burglary on September 8. "I'm looking things over so that I can install a perpetual motion system here. This is a fine place for it, and we can save the State a lot of money," he declared, when he had descended.

A search revealed that Chowski had a set of wire keys that would open almost any lock in the prison. A skilfully fashioned rope ladder hung from the side of the prison wall.

The Sheriff of Juneau county was called to come and take the "inventor" back to Juneau. He is thought to be demented.

On September 8, when Chowski's sentence had expired, he refused to leave the prison, and the Sheriff was called to escort him back to his home city. He was given \$250, which he had earned by overtime work during his term, but most of that sum has since been spent perfecting his "perpetual motion" apparatus.

REMOVING TATTOO MARKS

Tattooing is the mechanical introduction of pigments under the skin and a very well known process. The pigments employed are carbon cinabar, carmine and indigo.

Most methods employed to remove these marks, says Science and Invention, are by a reactive and a destructive inflammation which will result in the formation of a crust, later cast off together with the tattooed markings. One method is to retattoo the marks with a solution of 30 parts of zinc chloride and 40 parts of water. A mild inflammation will result; a crust forms and about a week later this falls off, leaving a scar which gradually heals. Later a repetition of this may be necessary. This may be done by the professional tattooer.

The second method is to tattoo again, making the punctures close together after the design has been drawn over with a concentrated solution of tannin. A stick of silver nitrate is then firmly drawn over the surface and after a period of several minutes it is then wiped off. This is far more effective than the first and less scar forms. Two other substances, perhaps more efficient than either of the above, and applied in the same manner as the first, are caroid and glycerole of papoid.

LIGHT PAPER TORCHES TO AID BULL FIGHT

Thirty thousand men, women and children crowded the bull ring at Mexico City, Nov. 21, to witness the return of Rodolfo Gaona, Mexico's king of bullfighters. The immense crowd gathered from early morning, and the police force, armed with rifles, were compelled to fire over the heads of the people, who tried to break down the doors hours before the first. One of the greatest crowds ever seen at the bull ring gathered upon the floor of the building.

Gaona gave a wonderful exhibition and received four ears and one tail of the bulls killed by him. After the fight Gaona was carried through the streets on the shoulders of his admirers, thousands parading, shouting and cheering the fighter, who started life as a bootblack in the city of Leon.

Gaona is reputed to be worth 3,000,000 pesos, earned through bullfighting.

The killing of the last bull at recent fights at the Plaza del Toro, witnessed by the largest crowd in the history of the Mexican bull ring, was spectacular. Threatening clouds made the arena so dark as Juan de la Rosa was performing in the final event that thousands of spectators lighted newspaper torches to guide the matador.

De la Rosa found his bull hard to kill, and the crowd, becoming impatient, ran out over the arena. Gendarmes were called out to clear the field and allow the matador to proceed.

Lost On Mt. Erebus

— OR —

A Boy Explorer At the South Pole

By GASTON GARNE

(A Serial Story)

CHAPTER XXI.—(Continued)

Of course Hawley held on like grim death, though with numbing fingers, for the air was way below zero, and his own bag had vanished, as we have described.

Presently others laid hold of the bag Hawley was clinging to, and he was drawn from that awful fissure; saved at the last instant, and by the girl he was learning to like better than any one or anything else.

The first strong hand to reach him was Rucker's. Madge saw the mate help to draw Hawley up; but when Rucker would have let his own bag follow Hawley's, the girl pushed him back.

She thrust herself between Joe and Rucker, seizing the mate's bag, and giving it to Dr. Carr.

"Look inside, doctor," she panted. "Don't stop. Look inside. I saw him push Joe just as the hut fell in on us, and I jumped for Rucker's bag. Joe had grabbed it. I knew he would. Look inside, and tell us what you find there."

Dazed, surprised, Carr, who had been feeling inside Rucker's bag, drew forth a chunk of frozen pemmican, bitten into by human teeth. Rucker, on his back in the snow, saw that he was in a way to be exposed.

"What did I tell you?" cried Madge. "You would trust him; I wouldn't. He has been robbing our sled of precious food, in excess of his share. He was murdering Joe. That's the way he comes to be so strong. Oh, you villain! You villain!"

Appalled, puzzled, yet loath to think so badly of another, Carr turned on Rucker saying:

"You might steal our grub, but you know when you destroyed Joe that we couldn't reach the Owl's Head cache——"

"Don't you believe it, doctor!" asserted Madge. "Men—search him—search him now! I'll bet my head he's got Joe's reckoning somewhere about him. Don't let him go. Wake up, Joe. Can't you see, he's got your precious latitude?"

While Madge was thus forcefully denouncing Rucker, the sight of that stolen bit of pemmican did more to reinforce her demands than aught else.

"I believe you are right, Madge," shouted Hawley, feeling at last his anger boiling over. "Lie still, you scoundrel. We want to see what you've got on your person."

"Hands off, men!" screamed Rucker, striving to rise again. "I won't be throttled and treated in this way. That girl is crazy—crazy! Do you hear?"

Notwithstanding his great strength, the chief

mate was overpowered by Carr, Hawley and Joy. Even Madge assisted.

With Carr and Joy holding his arms, and the girl seated on his legs, Hawley ran his hands rapidly through the man's pockets.

Nothing was found there of a suspicious nature but a stolen biscuit, which the lad held up.

"It's part of my ration," panted Rucker.

"You lie," snapped Joe. "Your ration was eaten up when the rest of us ate ours. It always is eaten up, for we are all hungry alike. But you have been filling up on stolen goods."

"I thought I missed grub which ought to be there," said Joy. "The last time we divided, too. It's a low-down trick, Mr. Rucker, although a bosun tells it to you as was his official superior."

"I'll get you yet, Joy," retorted Rucker between his teeth.

"If you got what you ought to get, you would go down that crevasse where you tried to put Joe."

This from Madge, who had taken up Rucker's cap, which had fallen off in the struggle. His fur hood attached to his coat was already laying mashed underneath in the melee.

"Give me my cap, I'm cold," the mate demanded.

Madge was about to comply, for she was merciful, though her words were biting enough.

Something in Rucker's look drew Hawley's attention. So far his search had been fruitless, except for the stolen biscuit.

"Let me see that sap, Madge," interposed Joe, taking it and beginning to search the lining.

"Give me—my—cap——" gasped Rucker, tugging so furiously against his captors that Madge was nearly unseated.

She grasped both knees of the struggling mate, exclaiming:

"No, you don't. I'll hold you. Search the cap lining, Joe. He's not so anxious for nothing."

After assisting the others to subdue the furious man, Joe picked up the cap again and ran his ungloved finger around the inside sweat band, striking at last something which he instantly drew forth.

"I believe I've got it at last," he said. "Take this, Madge, then get up and strike a match, if you have one in your pouch."

He handed the girl a slip of paper, and when she got up, Hawley devoted his entire strength in aiding Carr and Joy to hold Rucker, who was making a final effort to throw off his captors.

Madge succeeded in lighting the second match. Her fingers shook, as much with excitement as cold when she read aloud for the others to hear:

"'Location — Owl's Head cache — latitude eighty-two'—I think. 'Longitude one hundred—seventy——'"

Here a furious kick on the part of the maddened mate knocked both match and paper from the girl's hands.

At the same instant Shouse rushed forward, doubtless to aid his friend, the struggling Rucker.

"It's gone down the ice fissure!" cried the girl.

(To be continued)

THE NEWS IN SHORT ARTICLES.

LARGE BUTTER BEANS.

Mrs. E. D. Fay of Topeka, Kan., declares she has the largest butter beans in this vicinity. One of two beans on Mrs. Fay's vines measures twenty-six inches long and fifteen inches in circumference. The other one is thirty inches long and fourteen inches in circumference. The vine is very large. The seed is a special variety which Mrs. Fay ordered from a Kansas seedsman. To see these beans makes one think of a cucumber.

TWO BOYS KILL BEAR

Women and children and not a few of the male residents in the vicinity of Johnsonburg, N. J., sighed in relief the other night when they learned that a big black bear which had spread terror for ten days, had been captured by two young men. So proud were these young men of their exploit that they placed the carcass on exhibition.

Raymond Kispagh, eighteen, and his brother, Harry, sixteen, heard that the bear had taken refuge in a cave on their uncle's farm. They built a fire at the mouth of the cave. Each was armed with a shotgun.

They waited fifteen minutes before the bear rushed out. He sprang at one of the youth's. They fired both barrels of their guns. The bear toppled over with four charges in his body. The lads reloaded and took another shot to make certain he was dead.

MUST COVER THEIR KNEES

Girl students at the Randolph-Mason Institute, Danville, Va., part of the great Southern Methodist Institution, have been told in blunt terms they must wear their stockings as their mothers taught them and not in conformity with fashion's latest edict, which provides for the rolling process and knee lengths.

From sources of unquestioned authority comes word that within the past few days the faculty of teachers were called together and served what was little short of an ultimatum to the student body. Failure to comply will be met with severe reprisals.

It is alleged, and not contradicted, that certain young sopomores who cling to college traditions have been "rolling their own" with ruthless disregard to feet and metres. The students have accepted the order with philosophy.

FISHING IN GUIANA WITH BOW AND ARROW

Instead of using nets or the conventional hook and line, the natives of Guiana shoot the fish with bow and arrows. The arrow used is designed especially for this purpose, and is about 5 feet in length, with no feathers. The head, which is barbed, is made from sheet iron and is provided with a socket which is slipped over the end of the shaft by a light, strong line about 10 feet long.

When the fish is struck and the barbed point is buried in its flesh, the cane shaft floats free

and, resting upon the surface of the water, serves as a buoy to mark the catch, which is hauled in by means of the line attached to the head.

Fish weighing from 10 to 100 pounds are caught in this manner, says the Popular Science Monthly. When there are no fish visible, or when they are too far beneath the surface to shoot with certainty, the natives resort to "calling" the fish. This is accomplished by uttering a low whistling sound and waving the finger tips in a peculiar manner. Surprising as it may seem, the fish often approach the hunter within bowshot when thus called.

But one does not need to go to faraway Guiana to see fish killed by the bow and arrow. Our own native American Indians are past masters of the trick, and a sojourn with them in one of the Western reservations will convince the visitor that shooting fish is one of the Indian's favorite pastimes. An arrow much shorter than that used by the natives of Guiana is used, and no line is attached to the head of the arrow.

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HOW HE ROBBED A BURGLAR

By Kit Clyde.

Fred Grover sat in his attic uptown.

A few short months before, Fred had left his home in Massachusetts, to study medicine in New York.

His father had given him some advice, and (what Fred thought a good deal more valuable) five hundred dollars to pay his board bills and other necessary expenses.

His mother had given him a new set of shirts, some flannel jackets, a kiss, a fifty-dollar bill—which she had saved from her housekeeping expenses—made him promise to be a good boy—which Fred very readily did, for he intended to be, if he could—and off he started.

When Fred arrived in New York, he set to work manfully, having determined to rival Mott or Carnochan in a very short time, or ignominiously retire from the profession.

New York is very seductive, and—I am sorry to say it—Fred Grover was very fond of pleasure.

Consequently, he soon became an accomplished player at billiards, and quickly discovered the houses where the best drinks and dinners could be obtained.

When young men indulge freely in good dinners, cigars, etc., they observe with surprise how quickly their money disappears. It was so with Fred, for having occasion, one day, to draw twenty dollars out of the bank where he had deposited his money, he was somewhat disconcerted by being told there was only two dollars and some odd cents to his credit.

Fred went home feeling pretty badly.

What to do he didn't know.

Having been in New York only three months, and spending five hundred and fifty dollars, he couldn't write home for more; no, that was impossible, so he made up his mind to attend lectures regularly, and study hard.

Poor Fred!

So things went on for four or five weeks.

Fred had visited a pawnbroker several times, and had left that gentleman, who so kindly lends money to those who are in want of it, his watch, a dozen of shirts, one or two coats, and several pairs of trousers.

Fred's landlady had received no money for some time, so she began to importune him for payment, and had hinted mildly that if some was not forthcoming very shortly, Fred would have to find a new boarding-house.

Well, as I have said before, Fred Grover sat in his attic, pondering over his ill-luck—as he called it, but correctly speaking, over his improvidence—and cursing the hour that brought him to New York.

How seldom we think of blaming our own imprudence!

We generally manage to find an excuse for our little weaknesses.

"If," mused Fred, "I were to write to mother, I know she's send on the money; but I can't do that—no, I'll starve first. I wonder if—come in!"

The last two words were shouted in a tone much louder than there was any occasion for, but Fred had been interrupted in his thoughts by a tap at the door, and it had somewhat startled him.

The door slowly opened, and in stalked a matronly-looking woman, with rather a red face, and who had three small curls on each side of her face.

Fred turned all manner of colors.

"Mr. Grover," said the lady, "would you let me have some money, if you please?"

"I haven't any to-day, Mrs. Jackson, but—but——"

"But what, sir?" and the matronly-looking woman frowned at poor Fred.

"I was going to say I expect a remittance from home in a day or two, and then I'll give you some."

Mrs. Jackson's face twitched about all manner of ways; finally she said:

"If you cannot let me have some money to-morrow, Mr. Grover, I shall feel obliged if you will get another boarding-house."

Fred readily promised to let her have some money the following day, though where he was going to get it from he hadn't the wildest idea.

However, it was a respite, and he shouldn't have to face Mrs. Jackson till the following day.

When we owe money, and promise to pay to-morrow, what a long way off that morrow appears.

When Mrs. Jackson had left the room, Fred put his hands to the bottom of his trousers' pockets, and began to walk about the room with rapid strides.

"What the deuce is to be done? I don't know. Let me see—oh, that's no use; I've pawned everything that's pawnable."

Fred threw himself upon his bed to try and calm himself.

He counted all the flies upon the ceiling, and longed to be a fly, because they didn't have to pay board bills.

"By Jove, a good idea!" said Fred, starting up. "I'll try and borrow it; very likely Jim can lend it to me."

He seized his hat and hurried from the house.

Attached to the house that Fred has just left is a yard, but called by the landlady a garden; behind that garden is a small lane leading to nowhere in particular, and having its entrance in a street chiefly devoted to tenement houses, dirt and squalling children.

About eleven o'clock that evening, a man very carefully looked over the fence that separated the aforesaid garden from the above mentioned lane.

Looking carefully around, he drew from his pocket a pair of pincers, and commenced breaking off short a few of the spikes that were on the top of the fence, and had been put there, I presume, for the express purpose of annoying the neighboring cats.

After counting the number he had broken off, by feeling them with his hand, he carefully climbed to the top of the fence, and then lowered himself into the garden.

"Curse the things!" he muttered, having alighted in the middle of a lilac bush, which slightly scratched him, "there's always something to interfere with a fellow's business."

Having extricated himself from the bush, he crept stealthily toward the yard door, applied his ear to the keyhole, and listened attentively.

"Hump! all quiet. So far so good. Now to business." He produced an auger from one of the numerous pockets in his coat, and began to bore a hole—so quietly that you could hardly hear it—in the yard door.

When he had finished, he put his arm through the orifice, quietly withdrew the bolts, and entered the house.

When he was inside, by the aid of a dark lantern, he groped his way to the bottom of the basement stairs, and began ascending them, glancing with keen and penetrating eyes at every object around him.

On a dumb-waiter near the dining room door a fork had been left, no doubt by the carelessness of one of the servants.

His eyes rested upon it; so he went up to it and examined it carefully.

"Plated!" he exclaimed, in a tone of deep disgust, and put it down again.

Quietly, and as cautiously as before, he ascended the next flight of stairs; tries the handle of a door; it yields to him; he pushes it slowly and noiselessly open; puts his head in; finds it is only the bathroom, so closes the door, and ascends the next flight of stairs.

He hears a key placed in the lock of the hall door; he holds his breath and listens attentively.

Whoever it is closes the hall door behind him, and begins to climb the hall stairs—he does the same.

At last the top of the house is reached; the footsteps are coming nearer, and at last actually begin to ascend the last flight, at the head of which he is.

He pushed open a door, glances hurriedly around the room, finds it is vacant, rushes to the bed, and crawls underneath it.

At a late hour at night Fred Grover returns to his boarding-house, tired and disconsolate.

He had been unable to raise any money, consequently in the morning he would have to seek other quarters to live in.

When he entered his room he threw himself into a chair, lighted his pipe, and puffed out thick volumes of smoke, musing as he did so.

"What a fool I've been; spent all my money, and must either beg, borrow or cheat during the next six months to live. By Jove, I must quit this spreeing! It's unfair to my father to spend his money in the way I have been doing."

Fred started up, and placed his forehead against the window-pane, and looked out upon the cold, dark night.

"What a confounded shame it is that money is not more equally distributed; now, that old fellow downstairs they say is running over with money. I wonder if he would lend me a little if I were to ask him. Pshaw! the idea is absurd! How the deuce I am to face Mrs. Jackson in the morning I don't know. Let me see—no, I have nothing that I can sell—except myself. What a pity it is that Mephistopheles is not going round now, buying up poor chaps who want to sell themselves.

"Ah—catch—chew!"

"What's that? It sounded confoundedly like a sneeze. Ha!" and Fred rushed to a corner of the room, seized a sword-cane, drew it, and locked cautiously under the bed.

The first thing that met his gaze was the gentleman who, a short time previously, had climbed over the garden fence.

"What do you want? Come out from there."

The man came out from under the bed, stood upright, and glared sullenly at Fred.

"Now, my good fellow, what were you doing there?" asked Fred.

"What's the good of talking? You know as well as I do what I was doing there," said the man.

"You wanted to rob the house, I suppose?"

"This ain't a police court, is it? Take me to one if you're going to, and then I'll tell you what I wanted to do—perhaps."

"Suppose if I were to let you go, what would you do?"

"Make tracks as fast as I could."

"Umph! Have you any money about you?"

"No."

"Ah, then, I can't let you go. I must wake up the house and get a policeman."

"Hold on. I think I have a little."

"Will you lend me some?"

"How much do you want?"

"Fifty dollars, and I assure you on my word of honor I'll return it to you as soon as I get a remittance from home."

The man offered him twenty, but Fred insisted upon having fifty or none at all.

So, after a deal of talking, the man reluctantly drew a roll of bills from his pocket, counted out fifty dollars, and handed them to Fred, who scrutinized them carefully.

"Umph! they seem good. Now you may go, and don't let me catch you here again. When I'm ready to return it I'll put an advertisement in some paper to that effect."

The man sulkily left the room.

Fred politely lighted him downstairs, closed the hall door after him, and went to bed.

In the morning he settled Mrs. Jackson's claim, and commenced studying in good earnest.

He has now one of the best practices in New York.

Fred put the promised advertisement in the paper several times, but as no one came forward to claim the borrowed money, handed it over to a charitable society in the city.

WARSHIP GOES TO AID OF 600 WHO MAY STARVE

Six hundred natives of the Pribilof Islands will starve this winter if anything interferes with the trip under way by the U. S. S. Saturn. The vessel left Seattle, Oct. 15, with 800 tons of food for the islands. Unless they are able to get to the Behring Sea before the ice forms the total population will be wiped out, it is feared.

This is the second attempt by the Saturn to reach the island this season. Once before the vessel, a naval radio repair ship, took winter food, but was forced by storms to give up efforts to land. During one brief lull that time a cow and a calf and some mail were sent ashore.

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 17, 1920.

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

EAGLE SEIZES BOY OF 8

It took the combined efforts of the Spaulding family recently to save eight-year-old Walter Spaulding from being carried away by a giant eagle at their ranch near Glendo, Wyo.

When the huge bird attacked Walter in the ranch yard he grasped it by the neck and screamed for help. John, his seven-year-old brother, came to the rescue, and a third boy ran for help. Mrs. Spaulding beat off the bird with a stick, and the eagle attacked her. She was saved when Mr. Spaulding came with a shotgun and killed the bird. It had a spread of eight feet.

EXPLOSIVES HIDDEN IN COAL

That the German miners of the Ruhr Valley are hiding explosives in the coal delivered to France under the provisions of the Treaty of Versailles is charged by the French Ministry of Public Works.

Several serious explosions have occurred recently in coal from the Ruhr mines. The last happened the other day in a factory at Petit-Marce, near Lille. The Ministry of Public Works has ordered that the Ruhr coal be sifted and analyzed, for its officials believe the explosions result from a deliberate attempt to revenge Germany's defeat.

"FINDERS ARE KEEPERS."

Ownership of \$1,300 in gold found buried on a farm near Greensboro six months ago by Levi Todd, fifteen years old, was settled in the Circuit Court, Newcastle, Ind., Nov. 15, by Judge Gause deciding "finders are keepers."

Mrs. Clara Freeman Vickery of this city claimed the money was part of her mother's estate, and John Hardin, present owner of the farm, sought an interest as owner of the land.

The Judge gave the money to its youthful finder, holding the evidence was insufficient to show Mrs. Vickery's mother had buried it, and that Mr. Hardin's ownership of the land did not give him ownership of the money because he was ignorant of its existence.

LUXURIOUS SLEEPER

The English and Americans are the most luxurious races in the world as regards sleeping comforts, and after them the French. Professional travelers of these nations who have occasion to penetrate into Europe generally take their beds with them. The Chinese and Japanese complain that our mattresses are too soft for comfort. The Chinese use low bedsteads, often elaborately carved, and supporting only mats, while the Japanese use a matting couch and a wooden neck rest instead of a pillow.

A peculiarity of the German bed is its shortness; besides that, it frequently consists in part of a large down pillow or upper mattress, which spreads over the sleeper and usually answers the purpose of all the other ordinary bed clothing.

The Italian bed is much bigger than ours, especially in the north of Italy. But millions of people in Europe, especially in Russia, have never slept in a bed in their lives, being content with a mat or rug on the floor.

LAUGHS

Mrs. Hardup (pausing in her writing)—What is that word for people who come after us? Hardup—Bill collectors, my dear.

Obliging Shopman (to lady who has purchased a pound of butter)—Shall I send it for you, madam? Lady—No, thank you. It won't be too heavy for me. Obliging Shopman—Oh, no, madam. I'll make it as light as I possibly can.

The New Curate: And what are your leanings, Mrs. Abercrombie, high church or low? Mrs. Abercrombie: Dear me, high to be sure; I never could abide anything common or vulgar.

A conjurer was performing the old trick of producing eggs from a pocket handkerchief, when he remarked to a little boy in the audience: "I say, my boy, your mother can't get eggs without hens, can she?" "Yes, she can," replied the boy. "Why, how is that?" replied the conjurer. "She keeps ducks!" replied the boy, amid roars of laughter.

Margery was playing school with her dolls. The class in physiology was reciting. "Now, children," she said, "what are your hands for?" "To keep clean," was the prompt reply. "Yes," repeated the little teacher, "hands were given us so we could keep them clean, and 'member, too," she added, "we must keep our feet clean, 'cause there might be an accident."

She was from Boston; he from Oklahoma. "You have traveled a great deal in the West, have you not, Miss Bacon?" "Oh, yes, indeed—in California and Arizona, and even in New Mexico." "And did you ever see the Cherokee strip?" There was a painful silence, but finally she looked over her glasses at him and said: "Sir, I deem your question exceedingly rude."

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST

SMALLEST REPUBLIC

The smallest republic in the world is San Marino, in Central Italy. Its origin is ascribed to St. Marinus, a hermit, who is said to have resided there in the fifth century. Its independence was lost for a short time to Cæsar Borgia, about 1503, but was restored in 1817. A convention with Italy, March 27, 1872, secured its permanent freedom. San Marino has a population of 8,000 or 10,000, and an area of 33 square miles. The little republic is governed by a "Great Council" of 60 members, 20 members each from the nobles, burgesses, and rural landowners. The principal industries are farming and stock raising.

DEER ANSWERS CALL.

A two-pronged buck deer answers the calls of Jerry Shine, employed by the municipal water district at Alpine dam, near San Raphael, Cal.

Long ago Shine one day came upon a dead doe in the trail of the forest, and standing beside the mother was a fawn. It was miles to Shine's cabin, but he carried the fawn home with him, fed it and gave it the name of Billy. After a time Shine left the district. He returned several days ago and asked his fellow workers the whereabouts of his deer. They laughed at him; the deer had gone back to nature, they said.

Shine mounted the parapet of the dam and called for Billy. The deer, now the proud possessor of two-pronged horns, bounded out of the forest. A photograph was taken of the man and animal, as the latter rested his forepaws on the shoulders of Shine.

EATS TABLE CUTLERY

Miss Margaret Shayne, twenty-seven, an actress and a niece of De Wolf Hopper, died in the Hudson River State Hospital, Poughkeepsie, as a result of eating knives and spoons. Miss Shayne had been confined to the hospital for three years. Her death followed an operation for the removal of the articles. Recently she was taken seriously ill and her case was diagnosed as peritonitis, but when the operation was performed the silverware was found. The physicians said they had been swallowed about two months ago.

Two nine-inch knives and three spoons, all bearing the Hudson River State Hospital mark, were found in her stomach. The operation was successful, but in cases of insanity it was stated that patients are more apt to have a serious reaction than sane persons and that such a reaction was the cause of death.

Miss Shayne, who was a promising young actress, broke down from overwork. She once appeared in "The Lion and the Mouse."

LUCKY DAYS

To astrology we owe the origin of the superstition of good and bad days. A very small percentage of the population of the world is free

from the worries surrounding this superstition. Our greatest statesmen, thinkers, business men and literary men are not immune. A great American orator refuses to make a speech on a certain day, for fear that he will not make the proper impression.

If a certain day is lucky for a person three times in succession, he may regard that day as his lucky period, and conversely.

The last day in December is considered unlucky for many folks for the transaction of serious business. This superstition originated from the fact that Jesus was betrayed on that day. Friday, generally speaking, is considered a very unlucky day, because the Saviour was crucified on that day. However, a great English scientist—John Gibbons—ran the gantlet of Friday, the 13th, for he was born on Friday, christened on Friday, married on Friday, the 13th, and was a very successful man.

To move on Friday is considered an unfortunate step.

It is said that the person who is born on Feb. 29, which is Leap Year, will be lucky ever after.

Astrologers regard six days of the year as being very unlucky to sick persons. They are Jan. 3, July 1, Oct. 6, April 30, Aug. 1 and December 31.

BEAVERS IN MONTANA.

The beaver is not shy where he is not hunted and acquires confidence in a friendly watcher sooner than any other animal I know. Strangers or unusual clothes on a person to whom they have become accustomed alarm them, though, like dogs, they can apparently identify an acquaintance by scent.

The beaver's sense of smell is very acute, for he is able to scent a man two hundred yards away, and his eyesight is also most keen, but he seems to be dull of hearing when at work, and I have often walked to within a few feet of one while he was cutting wood. Their method of warning each other of danger is by slapping or "smothering" the water with the long, flat tail which is so characteristic a feature of the animal and which not only helps him in swimming, but is used for carrying mud. If a large animal appears at a place where beavers want to work or feed the latter will often "smother" the water continually, one after another joining in, till the intruder is scared away. I have had a thorough wetting at night while watching a pond through the splashing made by this trick.

I saw my first beavers in the Mussellshepp river in Montana. At first they dived whenever they became aware of my presence, but after about three months they paid no attention when they scented me, and in six months they would swim around or cut bushes within a few feet of me. In fact, they repeatedly stole my fishing poles cut from green willows until I learned to use dry ones.

INTERESTING NEWS ARTICLES

PARTRIDGE PLAYS POSSUM.

Fred Zavatkay of Winsted, Conn., shot at a partridge, which dropped in underbrush. A young dog he was breaking in found the bird and brought it out into the open. Zavatkay put the partridge in the large inside pocket of his hunting coat and continued to hunt. He was climbing a small ledge when he was startled by the supposedly lifeless bird flying out of his pocket. Before he had time to shoot the partridge was out of sight.

Zavatkay will have flaps sewed to the mouth of the pocket before starting on another quest for game birds.

CARRIED SICK WOMAN MILES.

Inconvenience and oftentimes suffering caused by the lack of roads in the northwestern part of Lane County, Oregon, is illustrated in the fact that one day four men were compelled to carry Miss Emily Stevens, resident of the Ten-Mile section, many miles on a stretcher over mountain trails to reach a train so she could be sent to Portland for treatment.

Miss Stevens was taken ill and it was believed that immediate attention was necessary. Men of the neighborhood improvised a stretcher and four started with her over the mountains for Indian Creek. Rain fell all day and the men, soaked to the skin, were nearly exhausted when they reached their destination.

LOST TOOLS RAISED.

An incident never before heard of in the history of oil well drilling in Wyoming occurred at the Harrison & Cooper Well No. 2 in the Rock Creek oil field.

The tools had been lost in the well and the Superintendents and drillers had tried to recover them unsuccessfully. They had lodged against a rubber swab in the well so as to become fixed. Another swab was lost on top of the tools, which prevented the grappling irons from getting a hold, and the owners of the well had about given up hope of ever recovering them.

A few days ago the tools and the swabs were found at the top of the well, the gas under the rubber bulbs having been powerful enough to force the tools to the surface, and work has been resumed on the well.

FAT TEDDY BEAR WAS FULL OF BOOZE.

Search for contraband liquor on the incoming steamships from foreign ports has stimulated members of crews to find new hiding places for booze. When Inspectors Jerry Rothschild, Christian Schmidt, and Alfred O. Hokensen brought back their haul to the United States Barge Office, New York, they also brought with them containers out of the ordinary. One was a big Teddy Bear, whose stomach appeared abnormal to Rothschild when searching the Ward liner Moro Castle in from Havana. The sailor owner of the Teddy Bear said it was for his "kid," but when

Rothschild had taken four pint bottles of whiskey from its interior, the owner had disappeared. He next found fourteen bottles of whiskey beneath the floor in the crew's lavatory. A swollen hot water bag in the ship's forecabin gave up two bottles of gin.

2,400,000 CHINESE PIGTAILS MADE INTO FILTERING CLOTH.

Establishment of a carload rate on Chinese pigtails pressed into cloth from Houston, Texas, to various parts of the country, was asked of the Interstate Commerce Commission by the Oriental Manufacturing Company of Houston.

Clifford Thorne of Chicago, representing the applicant, told the commission that the pigtails pressed into cloth were used for filtration, straining soups and similar purposes. Prior to the war European supplies of goat and camel hair were drawn on, he said, for filter purposes, but when this source was cut off the industry he represented turned to China, where the fall of the Manchu dynasty was followed by abolishment of the edict directing Chinese subjects to wear queues.

The Houston company has 800,000 pounds of Chinese hair, the equivalent of the former pigtails of 2,400,000 Chinese. Nineteen carloads already have been ordered, and the prospects are for sixty more to move during next year.

AMAZING INVENTION IN WATCH INDUSTRY.

A discovery that is reported by the press as being capable of revolutionizing the watchmaking industry has just been announced by C. E. Guillaume, director of the International Bureau of Weights and Measures. A successful method of regulation, remedying the variations in time of a watch due to the expansion and contraction of its parts caused by variations of temperature is the result of Mr. Guillaume's invention. This so-called "secondary error" has always been one of the great obstacles in the attainment of perfection and precision in the watchmaking industry, and when this difficulty is overcome the watchmaking industry should receive very considerable impetus, owing principally to the simplifying of the process of regulation.

The chief feature of Mr. Guillaume's new process is a change in the alloy used in the compensating parts. The minimum expansion of nickelled steel was found to be increased by the addition of 12 per cent. of chrome as well as a very small quantity of tungsten, manganese, or carbon. By mounting a spiral of this steel-nickel chrome alloy in the watch, according to Mr. Guillaume's announcement, the problem of compensation has been solved and the "secondary error" removed.

WHAT ARE THE SOUNDS WE HEAR IN SHELL?

The sounds we hear in the sea shell are really air waves or sounds made by air waves, because all sounds are produced by air waves.

The reason you can hear these sounds in a sea shell is because the shell is so constructed that it forms a natural sounding box. The wooden part of a guitar, zither or violin is a sounding box. They have the faculty of picking up the sounds and making them stronger. We call them "resonators," because they make sounds resound. The construction of a sea shell makes an almost perfect resonator. A perfect resonator will pick up sounds which the human ear cannot hear at all and magnify them so that if you hold a resonator to the ear you can hear sounds you could not otherwise hear. Ear trumpets are built upon this principle.

Sometimes when you, with your ear alone, think something is absolutely quiet, you can pick up a sea shell and hear sounds in it. But the sea shell will magnify any sound that reaches it.

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Hair Grew on Bald Head

After being almost totally bald, a New Yorker happily found something which brought out a new, luxuriant growth of hair of which he is so proud that he will send the information free to anyone who asks for it. Write: John H. Brittain, BK-103, Station F, New York, N. Y. Many women and men, by using this information, have grown hair after all else failed. Cut this out, show others: this is genuine

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